SHUNK

AN ARMY WOMAN IN THE PHILIP-PINES

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A Palm-tree Driveway, Agaña, Guam

AN ARMY WOMAN

IN THE

PHILIPPINES

Extracts from Letters of an Army Officer's Wife, Describing Her Personal Experiences in the Philippine Islands.

By CAROLINE S. SHUNK

1914.
FRANKLIN HUDSON PUBLISHING CO.
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

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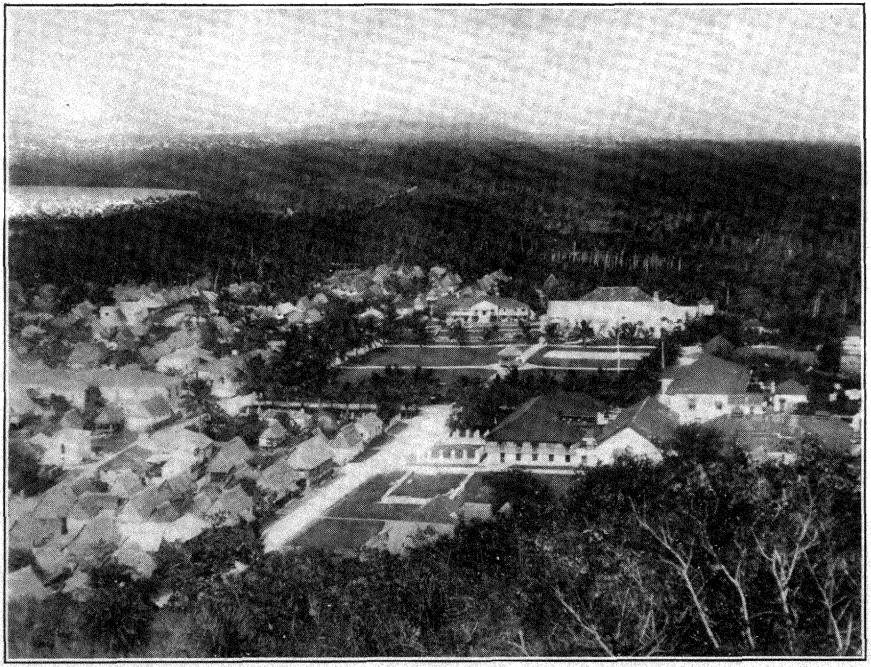
DEDICATED TO M. C.

TO WHOM THESE LETTERS WERE WRITTEN,



City of Agaña and View of Ocean at Guam

Main Street in Agaña, Guam

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

While many books have been written on the Philippines and the East generally since the American occupation, it has been a woman's task to finally give to the reading public a home insight, such as only a woman can give, to the life in the Orient. That intimate personal touch, that will appeal to the reader, are the thoughts of one woman conveyed to another without expectation that the letters were finally to be put in book form—it is the daily life of an Army officer's wife. That these letters were not written for publication enhances their value, because of the kind and quality of the information given. After a reading of the manuscript, a well-known critic expressed the following opinion: "They are delightful, vivid, interesting, and charmingly written."

I.

EN ROUTE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1909.

Our trunks have gone, and the Colonel is down at the boat on duty, while I am sitting, like Marius amid the ruins, surrounded by Japanese baskets and satchels. Nothing else is left in our rooms. We are engaged in laying a substantial pavement of goodly intentions; not to worry, to enjoy everything except leprosy or small-pox, and to get the most out of our trip and our station in the Philippines.

The Colonel commands the troops, and has all of the "fifty-seven varieties." The boat can carry two thousand people, but not that many will be aboard. There are twenty-five regular officers, a few Army ladies, and many civil employees—clerks, nurses, school-teachers, and two young girls going over to marry American men in the islands. In all, there are one hundred and twenty first-class passengers, about the same number of second-class, a hundred and fifty sailors, and the same number of recruits. Rank or length of service is observed in every detail aboard a troop-ship. State-rooms, places at table, use of bath-rooms, etc., are allotted to the highest in

rank, the eldest in service, and so on down the list. We come second, which, from my long "following of the guidon," I think no more than fair.

I must tell you of three passengers who are going across the Pacific with us, who bid fair to be interesting. Last night I encountered an old-time darky mammy, sitting in the hotel lobby beside a pile of luggage. She wore a black dress and white apron and a white cap was visible under her mourning bonnet. I felt sure that she was maid to some Army woman. Sure enough, in the writing-room a pretty, white-haired old lady, also clad in deep mourning, sat at one of the desks. It was Mme. X——, the mother of Major X——, who is to be stationed at our camp. She is going to the Philippines with her son, and Lucindy, her maid for many years, and "raised in Kentucky, bress Gawd!" is going with her. The Major goes about with his tiny old mother tucked under his arm, and Lucindy following in the "middle distance." It is a pretty picture.

We yearn for a Lucindy. She is an excellent cook, her mistress says, and irons the Major's white linen uniforms to perfection. What a treasure in sepia!

ON BOARD U. S. A. TRANSPORT *Sheridan*,

February, 1909.

10:30 A. M. here and 5:30 P. M. in Chicago! Five days out from San Francisco and three days from Honolulu—that is as near as I can tell you where on earth we are. When this scrawl reaches you, we ought to be in

Guam, spending "Guamish" money, which, by the way, I think is United States money.

We left San Francisco at noon. The day was beautifully clear, and so many flowers were sent I was uncertain whether I was sailing or getting married. Roses, violets, and jonquils heaped the sofa in our state-room. We stood on the little bridge aft until we passed the Golden Gate, and the pilot crawled down a wobbly ladder, dropped into a row-boat, and returned to the world we have left.

We have had heavy seas, and I have kept to my cabin—a corner front, with two windows and two portholes. Do you remember the Frenchman on shipboard who, when asked if he had dined, replied, "Quite the contrary"? I wish the Colonel may never again command anything less stationary than a farm.

ON BOARD U. S. A. TRANSPORT *Sheridan*,

February, 1909.

Last night we had our first sight of land for two weeks; it was the island of Rota, belonging to Germany; just a dark outline in the moonlight—the ghost of an island on that gray sea.

We hung over the rail and gazed and gazed. It was land. I am sure that we experienced all the sensations of a Columbus. Everyone shouted, "*Wie geht's?*" and all the German they could think of; but not a light, not a sign.

The Colonel and I were up early and out on the bridge to see the ship go into the harbor of Guam.

AGANA, ISLAND OF GUAM,

February, 1909.

The harbor here is narrow, between long, low coral reefs. We are anchored about half a mile from the United States gunboat *Concord*, the regular station ship, and three miles from shore.

Agaña, "the city of San Ignacio," is the seat of government at Guam. It is situated on a creek, called the Port of Apra. Ships anchor two or three miles out off Punta Piti, where all passengers, stores, and mail are taken by launch to the landing-place.

From Piti there is a smooth, white shell-road, six miles to Agaña, where the Governor's house is located, also a military hospital, two hospitals for natives, the barracks, an artillery depot, a prison, and a town hall, which contains the administrator's office and by the natives is called the "shop." The wife of the Governor is establishing a school for natives. There is also a college for boys and a girls' school.

The cathedral at Agaña, so Father P—— tells me, was built about 1500, and is the oldest church on the island. It is very beautiful in line and color, and the carvings in the interior are exquisitely delicate. Earthquakes have tumbled down one corner and made an opening at the side so large that a four-mule team could drive through. The good father told us that he hoped to live to see the cathedral restored to its former grandeur by the people of the United States. I am sure I hope so. It seems a pity for any old and beautiful building to be allowed to crumble away.

We stepped softly over the worn floor of stone without seeming to disturb a native family who were on their knees, piously saying their prayers. Although few visitors from afar come to Guam, they did not raise their eyes to look at us, except a little girl, who peeked shyly from behind her mother's skirts.

Some of the churches are built of stone, roofed with reed thatching. The one in the capital has an iron roof. In the villages the town halls are built of bamboo or reed grass.

Years ago a subsidized mail-steamer used to make a trip between Guam and Manila every three months; now a United States Army transport stops once a month *en route* to the Philippines.

We had all heard of the isolation of this post, which has been the "Botany Bay" and the "last ditch" of naval officers for many years. You will remember the amusing episode during the Spanish War, when some of our war-ships were sent to take Guam. They arrived, and began firing high. At once a boat put off from shore, and a Spanish official, resplendent in gold lace and smiles, came aboard, bowing and apologizing for not returning the "salute," as they were "out of powder." Oh dear, think of it! They were being bombarded, and so out of the world that they did not even know that there was a war.

GUAM, February, 1909.

Yesterday a wireless came from the Governor and Mrs. D——, inviting about thirty of the service people to luncheon at the palace in Agaña; a launch to be sent promptly at 10 A. M. We all scurried into our trunks down below, and came forth arrayed in white dresses, with hats, gloves, and card-cases, while the men were spick and span in their white linen uniforms with gold trimmings.

We toddled down the ship's ladder, holding on to rope rails, the sea-breeze lifting our thin skirts audaciously. The launch was manned by natives, brown and bare of legs and arms, who rowed smoothly through the gorgeous green and dark blue sea, past the white coral reefs, and up to the little dock.

A naval officer met us and punctiliously read from a list, wired to the Governor from the ship, the names of the guests; putting us into small, two-seated wagons, "according to rank."

Our wagon was drawn by a sorry-looking pony. The native driver wore a cotton shirt and loose drawers and a finely woven straw hat rested on his mat of dark hair. He prodded the poor beast with a cruelly sharp stick when he was not engaged in lifting his hat piously to the wayside crosses.

On one side of the road are tall palms, cocoanut- and bamboo-trees and on the other side the wide, yellow strip of beach, with high banks of coral reef, over which breaks continually a rainbow sea.

We drove through groves of cocoa-, palm-, and pepper-

Square in Agaña, Guam

The Palace, Agaña, Guam

trees, past native huts of grass and bamboo. One, a school-house, upon a high platform, had four walls of native matting and no roof. Through the openings we could see the native teacher, a nice-looking girl, pointing to a blackboard, on which was written in large capitals:

GEORGE WASHINGTON, HIM PRESIDENTE OF U. S.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, HIM PRESIDENTE U. S. AND GUAM.

Agaña is a city or large town of *nipa* houses. The streets are narrow, and there are no sidewalks. We walked in the road. A large square in front of the fine old palace is laid out in formal fashion, with many bright flowers.

The palace, which takes up one side of the square, is a long, white, two-storied building, with "Spain" written large in its planning and building. It is cool and comfortable, with immense rooms, halls, and porches, suitable to its purpose and the country.

Behind the palace is a tropical garden, said to be one of the most beautiful in the Orient. There are trees of orange, lemon, cocoanut, custard apple, lime, date, fig, papaya, mango, bread-fruit, and olive, all in fruit and flower at the same time. A kitchen garden is planted with every variety of vegetable, grown large and fair, and flowers of brilliant hue and almost overpowering perfume.

A wide stone balcony extends over a part of the garden, with a carved rail of finest marble. In the center

is an ancient sun-dial, which bears a Spanish inscription, "I mark only the bright hours."

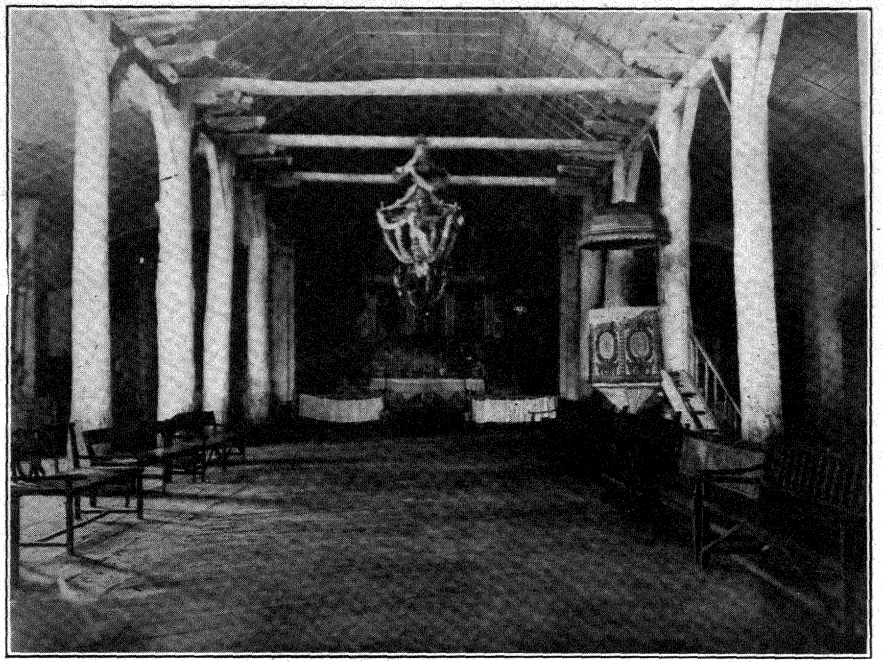
We were received most graciously by the Governor and his wife. The Governor wore the white uniform of a captain in the Navy, and "Mrs. Governor" looked very handsome in an exquisitely fine hand-embroidered dress of linen. She takes a great interest in the natives and in this island home.

Luncheon was served on numerous round tables; the native flower, *cardeña de amor*, in pinky sweetness, part of the decorations. A native band played outside in the square. The Governor's cook is a Chinaman, but native boys served the tables quietly and well. We all enjoyed the dishes: jelly and bread-fruit (which looks and tastes like sweet potato sliced very thin and fried); shoots of the cocoa palm, cut up and served in a salad; papaya (allee samee pink melon), with cream and red pepers; and watermelon ice, with delicious nut-cakes and coffee.

In the cool of the afternoon we had tea in the balcony. Great pink petals drifted down upon us, and the peacocks strutted about in gorgeous pride.

But there is another side to all this opulence of beauty. Fishing is so dangerous in Guam that the Pope has issued an edict allowing his people to eat meat on Fridays. Sharks are numerous, and cut off the native population alarmingly. There is also a fish called the "black mackerel," about forty inches long, with great strength of jaw, which is as dangerous as the shark. The coral, too, is a menace to life; for if a human being is thrown against it hard enough to bruise the flesh, blood-poisoning follows.

A Little Corner of Our Garden, Agaña, Guam



Old Cathedral in Agaña, Guam

Leprosy and another frightful disease that eats the face away are prevalent in this island. Those who are afflicted with it—and we have seen several—wear a face-covering or hide their infirmity behind their poor hands. Consumption is everywhere, and many of the natives have the thin, blue-brown look which is the indication of it.

Two small hospitals—one for native men and the other for women and children—bear testimony to the splendid work done by American women. One bears the name of the Maria Schroeder Hospital and the other the Suzanne Hospital. I went into the one for children with the Governor. The native matron is a fine-looking, kindly woman. At first they had difficulty in persuading the mothers to bring their sick children, but finally they came and stayed with their little brown babies. In the ward where we softly stepped were six small white cots (surgical cases only), and beside two of them the mothers sat on the floor, looking with anxious, loving eyes at their sick children.

So you see even this earthly paradise is not without its load of human misery.

Mme. X—— and I were driven back to the landing in the Governor's carriage.

ON BOARD U. S. TRANSPORT *Sheridan*,

March, 1909.

Only two days from Manila! Different days now; different skies and stars and stamps, but the same old moon and sun, and ever the same old love.

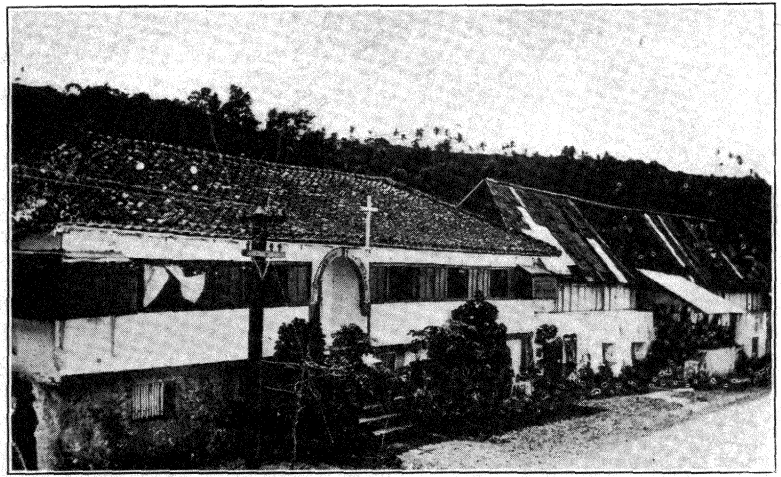
The long journey is nearing an end, and I am weary of the waste of waters, and long to see good, brown earth again. The sight of a friendly lamp-post, or a clothes-pole, or any homely, familiar, stationary object, would be most acceptable at this moment. Never say "as common as dirt" again. Dirt, let me tell you, is a precious commodity in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, when one is homesick for land. And homesickness is one thing "the powers" will learn to reckon with in these long tours of foreign service; it is as deadly as germs, and no drugs can cure it. Two soldiers are ill now with homesickness —really ill. It is patriotism wrong side out, I suppose, since love of home inspires both.

It is 10 in the morning here and 7:30 last night with you. My "Angel Warrior" is having inspection of the ship, while I am struggling with a playful breeze that carries my letter to the far corners of the deck. The orderly, in stiff khaki and white gloves, makes dignified little trots to catch the paper, so you owe this scribble to him.

At sunset we are to pick up land—the volcano near Legaspi. I must pack while the sea is like glass, and see the Straits of San Bernardino and the many small islands as we pass through.

Next Day.

At daybreak this morning we are under the lee of Luzon Island. A light-house, looking exactly like a pepper-pot, stands high on a rocky cliff on the Island. The blue and greeen shore-line unfolds into groves



Convent Home of Lieut. and Mrs. F——, U. S. N., Agaña, Guam

Native Women Grinding Rice, Guam

of palm and bamboo-tree. It has the freshness of a new world to our ocean-weary eyes.

Last night the officers and we few Army women gathered on the upper deck to watch for the first sign of land. Equally silent and eager, the soldiers and sailors, who are going over to join the fleet, crowded the decks below. A look-out was stationed up in the crow's-nest to give the joyful news.

A star appeared low on the sky-rim, blinked, went out, and shone steadily. It was the revolving light on a small island. The sailor in the crow's-nest called shrilly, "Land ho!" and a mighty shout of joy went up from our "first-class" fighting-men.

After all, we are loath to leave the ship. It is part of home—a bit of the United States afloat—and it is the unknown that awaits us ashore.

II.

MANILA.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

March 4, 1909.

Manila at last! From the transport, which drew gently alongside the big wharf—the only one for large sea-going ships in the Orient, by the way—the city, with its long, low wall, many churches and convents, narrow streets, and processions passing constantly to and fro, has a somber look. The wharf presented a cheerful panorama of khaki-clad soldiers, ladies in white dresses, officers, civilians, and natives in loose white cotton trousers and shirts, with the tails of the latter garments worn outside!

What a joy it was to walk down the gang-plank and set foot on earth once more! And now, after two days ashore, I feel as though it were all a comic opera. Soon the bell will ring, and the curtain will come down.

Our hotel, the best in Manila, was once a palace. The ground floor (literally) is of hard-pounded dirt, with rough cobble-stone paving. At the entrance stand two bronze knights in armor, holding aloft lamps to light the passer-by on the "Street of the Palace."

In the middle of the building is the inevitable tropical garden; and we write, visit, and eat under the shade of the bamboo and the palm.

One mounts a flight of polished mahogany stairs, over which, from a bronze trellis, hang bunches of grapes—pale green glass, through which electricity sheds a garish light—to a corridor, where spacious chambers, now used as bed-rooms, open behind heavily carved doors. Although the windows which open upon the street have gratings, the guests complain of the depredations of the "thief in the night," who, equipped with a long-handled stick with a hook on the end, deftly picks out through the bars such articles of apparel or ornament as chance to please his fancy.

The rooms of the entire second floor open from a porch, which is the dining-room of the hotel; privacy, as the proprietor assures us, being secured by tall paper screens, which serve as doors! We step from the tables, where people are eating, behind a screen into our room, which must be thirty feet square, with ceiling in proportion, and decorated with great red, pink, and cream angels holding wreaths of flowers, such as could bloom only on Oriental walls.

The floor is mahogany, dark and glistening. A Filipino boy walks about languidly, sweeping with a tiny, flat brush. There are two tall, exquisitely carved old four-posters, with curtains of netting carefully tucked in; but they are more satisfying to look at than to sleep upon, the mattress and springs being composed of cane woven in squares, with a sheet on that and another for a cover,

to complete the bed. In the morning one is printed like a waffle and expects to be eaten with maple syrup. The room looks so regal that the Colonel amuses me by salaaming low and inquiring "what my royal highness desires." I am expecting serfs to appear, and shall cut off their heads promptly and royally.

Our dresser deserves mention. A large mirror in a much-gilded frame hangs over a long, narrow table draped in red velvet, with white linen coverings, lace-trimmed. It looks so much like an altar I do not know whether to say my prayers or comb my hair.

Off this room is a long porch, with sliding wooden shutters half-way down to the floor, and from a railing below the shutters hangs a cotton curtain, which is all that protects us from the "Street of the Palace" below. And this, forsooth, is our bath-room—a shower-bath, in which I was nearly submerged on the first trial.

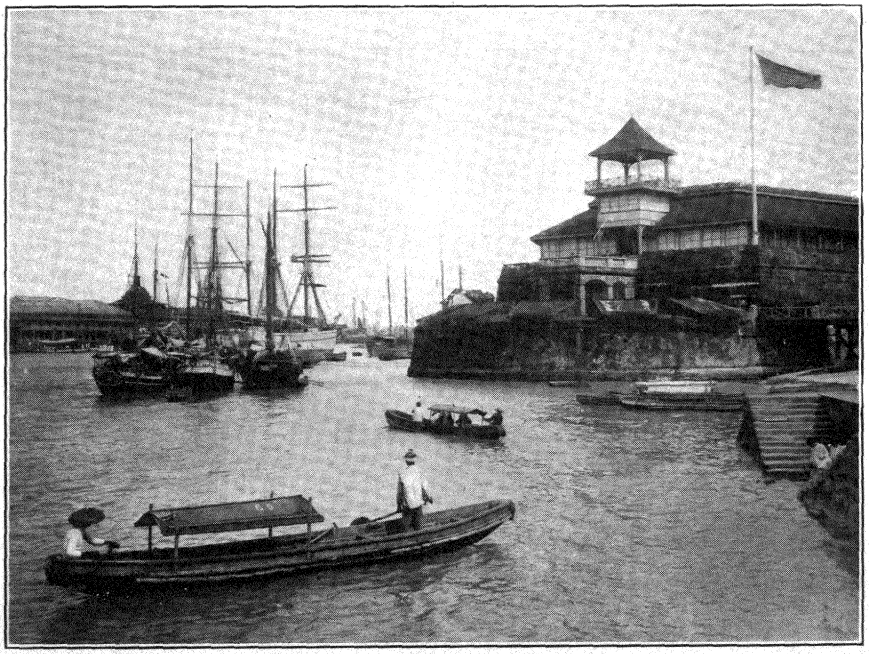
"Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia." Verily, we are between the devil of the dining-room and the deep sea of the porch curtain.

One could be bewitched of Manila. I should be in the seventh heaven if we were to be stationed here; but alas! we are awaiting orders farther north, up in the real jungle. I fancy we shall have several kinds of thrills while we are making a home in that wild country.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

March, 1909.

I have already taken in all I can read or hear about



Old Fort Santiago, Manila

Malécon Drive, Manila

the city, but there are no guide-books at hand. The old wall is exquisite in the coloring time alone can give, and the design of the gates is beautiful. The wall was built in 1590 by the Chinese, and used to be two or three miles in length; now the gates are opened for the sea-breeze and to let traffic in and out, and earthquakes have tumbled them down in places and cracked the walls. To the north is the Pasig River, a dirty and evil-smelling stream, which divides the walled city; west is the sea and the moats, paved, and with great sluices to let the water in. They are drained now and overgrown with weeds and tropical vegetation. There were once eight drawbridges. Doesn't it sound mediæval? Years and more years ago they were drawn up at midnight and let down again at 4 o'clock in the morning as a precaution against night attacks by the festive pirate. The earthquake of 1852 frightened the inhabitants more than the pirates, however; so the bridges were left down.

Manila is truly Spanish, and those old Spaniards built to last. We Americans may disfigure this ancient stronghold with flats and hotels, introduce electric cars and automobiles, and extinguish the omnipresent germ, but the city is Spanish despite us.

I like the coat of arms of Manila—"*La muy noble y siempre loyal ciudad.*" ("The very noble and always loyal city.")

Ah, well! the smells and bugs and dirt are disquieting, of course, but it is far more interesting than I had dreamed.

MANILA, PHILIPINE ISLANDS,

March, 1909.

We went out shopping at 6 o'clock this morning, while it was still comparatively cool. Everything is wide open in the morning, and the streets are filled with half-naked Chinese coolies, driving queer little carts or lounging in doorways, and natives poking along, seemingly in a dream, wearing always white cotton trousers and shirts with the tails in evidence. It is really a cool and sensible dress for this hot country—when one gets used to the tails. The native women dress in brilliant colors. Their skirts are made with trains and are usually tucked up, revealing bare feet in heelless slippers, their shuffling gait being due, no doubt, to the effort to keep their shoes on. Low-necked, big-sleeved *piña* waists, with the stiff neck-handkerchief, complete a costume neither pretty nor comfortable to my eyes. These women sit in their doorways or serve customers in their shops, smoking huge cigars or chewing the betel nut, which reddens their mouths and lips to a deep crimson.

We went to the Escolta, where the European shops are, and I was disappointed. I like much better the Rosario, with its funny little stalls and Chinese goods. The Chinos make delightful wicker furniture of every description, even beds; but we wisely brought those from the States, as being nearer bug-proof. The Filipinos are silversmiths and engravers, and carve everything—even Americanos, when the occasion offers. You should see the Filipino candlesticks, with cunning glass

globes—perfectly adorable. Curiously enough, all the drug stores seem to be run by Germans.

Funny little carriages fly about the streets, and the Colonel, wishing to go to the cable office, hailed one. We bumped along, wigwagging from side to side of the street, until the Colonel took the reins and drove to the right place. At that moment a great carabao, drawing a heavily loaded wagon, lumbered along the narrow way, and, as I saw no room for us or our little equipage, I made a hasty exit over the wheel and ran into the doorway of the cable office. A half-naked, sleepy-eyed driver pulled the carabao around by a rope fastened in his nose, and gazed at us with unemotional eyes.

The native women come to the hotel and, sitting on the floor in corsetless freedom, sell from baskets exquisite embroidered goods at ridiculously low prices. What will you have? Jade and a mandarin coat is the last cry here.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

March, 1909.

Behold us in our best white clothes, driving on the famous Luneta in a low victoria drawn by two sleek, fat ponies, our driver immaculate in white suit, high patent-leather boots, belt, and cap. The Luneta is not all my fancy had painted, being only a small circle, with two band-stands that at night glitter with electric lights. The land has been filled in, pushing back the water of the bay; but there is not the roll of surf I had been told about.

The bay is beautiful, with the war-ships anchored near Cavite, the naval station; and we have the real thing in sunsets and moonlight. The colors on land and sea are rainbow-tinted.

The Constabulary Band plays divinely, and a heterogeneous crowd rides, drives, and walks on the Luneta or sits about the band-stands. People roll by in carriages, *carromatos*, carts, and many ride horseback. And such people! Englishmen, Chinamen in gorgeous silks, Filipinos, Japanese in gay kimonos, swarthy Spaniards, our own soldiers in khaki, and sailors in blue flannel, priests in white, black, and brown robes, Burmese and Hindu gentlemen in turbans, Army and Navy officers in white uniforms with gold ornaments on collars and caps, and ladies in calling or evening dress—a shifting kaleidoscope of color.

When the music peals out "The Star-Spangled Banner," all the Americans rise, some of the Filipinos follow their example, and a few Englishmen politely raise their hats. Then the band marches off, and everybody races away to dinner.

We drove Mme. X—— to a dinner-party and dismissed our carriage to walk back to the hotel. No white person walks here, however—it is too hot; so we concluded to try the street-car. We sat in the middle, and thus unwittingly saved a cent apiece. The first four seats behind the motorman were marked "First Class," and the rest were duly labeled "Second Class" and cost a cent less. The natives stared at us and giggled,

thinking it droll that "Americanos" should ride second-class.

The slowness of all things here is amazing, although the swiftness of some of the foreigners is whispered behind closed doors—or screens, to be more exact.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

March, 1909.

We have just had a ghastly experience. Mrs. D—— and I wished to see the church of Saint Augustine, noted for its carvings and a very old and curious pipe-organ made of bamboo. At the entrance an old man was sweeping out flowers, and a group of natives stood at the open door of the church. It was a funeral; and, to our horror, we saw that the pall-bearers had set down the hired coffin and propped up the corpse, a Filipino man in a black coat and white shirt, while a photographer made ready to take a picture of the casket and its occupant. We turned and fled back to the hotel.

Last evening Colonel F—— took us driving. Both officers had been over this ground, fighting during the first part of the insurrection.

We drove along the Male'con Drive, the road built since the Americans took control. Old Fort Santiago was the first place we visited. It is the Bunker Hill of Manila, and full of interest. The building on top is new, and is now used as a division headquarters for the Army. In the inner quadrangle General Merritt, of the United States Army, signed the articles of capitulation in 1898.

There are several tiny houses in the inclosure of the fort, where the wives and children of American officers were put for safety during the insurrection. The inner court is beautiful, with palms and bamboo-trees, grass and flowers.

The fort has been changed but little in the last three hundred years. We walked around the walls, and saw the cells where it is said dreadful deeds were done and are still whispered about. One could not stand upright in these cells, they are so low. Underground passages, a circular wall, a stairway, and secret cells have been found, and skeletons have been unearthed, walled into the masonry. We were told that the American soldiers found in one of these underground dungeons a woman with a daughter sixteen years old, the child having been born the day after the mother was imprisoned. Of course we enjoyed the thrill of these gruesome tales.

It was from this old fort that the signal was fired to begin the battle of Manila Bay. The Spanish colonel who was ordered to put the ancient, rusted guns on Fort Santiago into firing trim, realizing the hopelessness of it, committed suicide.

Two other flags besides our own have waved over Fort Santiago: Spain's, of course, and in 1762 England's for a little time. We watched the sunset, a cannon boomed, and the Stars and Stripes were slowly lowered for the night.

The Army and Navy Club is one of the pleasant places in Manila. There the ladies can dine in comfort in a grill, and several dinner-parties were in progress the

night we dined there. The tables were gay with flowers and candles with Chinese shades, which shed a pretty light on the evening gowns of the women and the white uniforms of the officers. The inner court is a charming garden. Chinese and Japanese lanterns hung in the trees like luminous fruits.

The nights are hot, with a hundred insects buzzing about one's ears. This, with odors of sandalwood, bamboo, and inadequate plumbing, makes life something less than unalloyed bliss.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

March, 1909.

I have just hired a cook; a much more solemn undertaking than selecting a mere husband; in fact, the cook hired me. He is a Chinaman, and I understood not a word, excepting that he wanted fifty *pesos* a month, and that a "fliend" had sent him, said "fliend" being the Chinese cook of Colonel and Mrs. B——. He wears nice clothes: pale-blue linen trousers, a long, dark blue linen gown, heelless black cloth shoes, a native straw hat, and his hair in a pig-tail.

We start on our journey northward Wednesday, with bags, bundles, trunks, furniture, and the new cook. Until then, farewell.

III.

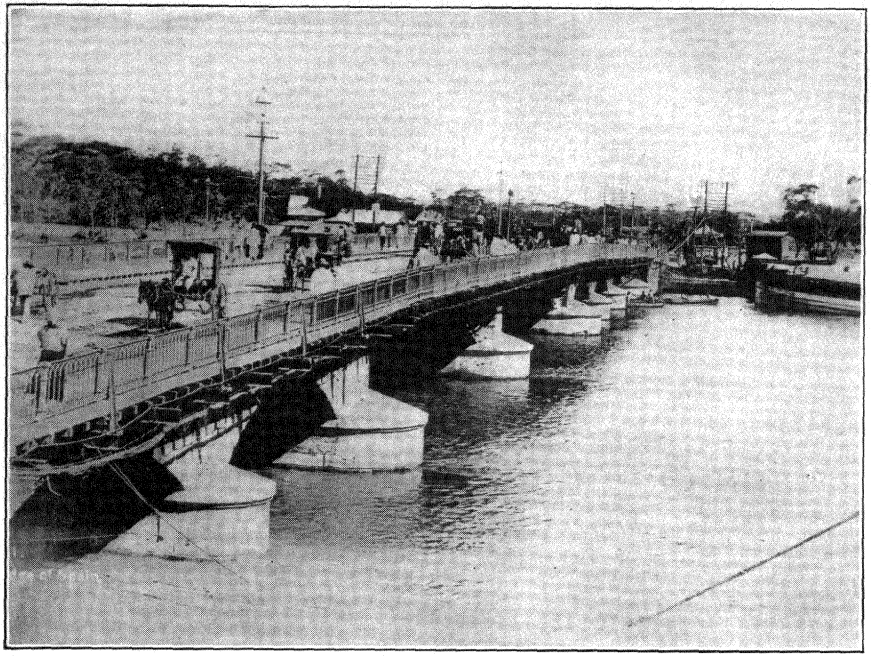
SETTLING A HOME IN THE TROPICS.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,
March, 1909.

At last we have reached the end of our long journey. Here we unpack our household goods, and make a home in the wilderness. After twenty years of our own Indian frontier, from Dakota blizzards to Arizona's burning sands, in *adobe* houses in Texas, in tents, and on the rolling prairies, here we are in the tropics, making a home in the shadow of an extinct volcano, with the Southern Cross above us, but still under the Stars and Stripes.

We left Manila with many backward looks. In the depot on the day of our departure the Colonel put me in the middle of the covered platform, it being the cleanest place, and went to check our baggage—a simple proposition in the States, but very complicated here. It took exactly one hour and fifty minutes to accomplish it and I should not dare say to how many men and boys (natives, of course) assisted in the operation. Every trunk had to be weighed, checked, and loaded. A United States baggageman would have expired to see it done.

Shopping Street, Manila; Old San Augustine Church in Distance



Bridge of Spain, Manila

Meantime I stood, with eight boxes, bags, and bundles about me, as all the benches were occupied, or had been, by smokers of both sexes, and all of them champion spitters of the world. A circle of Chinamen, Filipinos, and Hindus, men, women, and children, closed me in. They were all smoking, and I was in the midst of the "firing-line." My freshly pressed white linen suit and white shoes seemed an irresistible target.

Small boys, each wearing pinned to his shirt-front a tin plate with a number, kept making futile grabs at my bundles, with the design of carrying them to any one of the three little trains near by. They were depot porters. I waved my hand and gave utterance to the only Spanish I knew: "*Poco tiempo!*" It seemed to suspend proceedings.

We left the hotel without the Chinese cook, who failed to appear. The Colonel rushed to the club—that clearing-house for all Army and Navy woes—and consulted with the affable secretary on the non-appearance of our treasure. He assured him that the "boy" (all men servants are "boys") would come to the train or send a substitute, and said he had never known a Chinaman fail to do so; and, sure enough, just as we were about to despair, I saw Lieutenant R—— making his way across the platform and with him was a neat, fat, little China "boy," who had been at the hotel looking for us. He was a "fliend" of the cook we had engaged, who, having decided that he did not wish to leave Manila, sent this substitute. He had no references, was only a "fliend" to a "fliend"; and we tried English, French,

and even "*Poco*," but without success. There was only time to bundle him into the second-class car and ourselves into the first; so the small porters gathered up our packages (for in this hot country we do not carry anything) and we entered the train, which looked exactly like a child's toy—an absurd little affair. The only difference, besides the price of the ticket, between first- and second-class was a much-soiled carpet in our car and an absence of Filipinos with chickens in their arms and Chinamen with bundles.

The conductor, a slim little native, dressed in a uniform of blue-and-white-striped cotton, with a black belt and cap (the same uniform that the *Insurrectos* wore when they were fighting the Americans), stood on the platform and rang a large dinner-bell, then blew a policeman's whistle. The natives were hustled into place, with chickens, dogs, and birds in tiny bamboo cages; mothers, carrying infants in arms, smoked big, black cigars with great vigor as they scrambled aboard; and twenty minutes after schedule time we were off, about as fast as a man could comfortably run. It takes nearly five hours to go fifty miles.

We had a fine view of the country, with its little towns and *barrios*. The fields were being tilled with the help of clumsy carabaos, sometimes with children astride their backs. Natives, pulling or planting rice, waded in water up to their waists, the little rice-paddies looking like a large green chess-board, with brown pawns bending over the squares.

The two officers with me pointed out the places where

they had fought during the Philippine insurrection. At sunset we crossed a battle-ground, now a peaceful rice-field, over which the sun poured a flood of golden light. In the foreground was a somber monument, which cast a long, lone shadow. It marks the spot where General Egbert, U. S. A., fell mortally wounded, during an engagement with the insurgents.

After dark we had to change cars at a small town. The low, one-story station was covered with vines and flowers, and small Filipino boys, clothed only in thin shirts, climbed nimbly to the car windows, offering *tan-san* water for sale. We were pushed and pulled into our next car, which had seats along the sides, and a long, narrow table in the middle. I do not know whether this table was to eat from or to accommodate hand-baggage. The road is rough, and we were knocked about, my precious Paris hat getting a new shape with every bump. After two hours, Lieutenant R—— pointed to a dim light near the sky-line, which marked the station where we would take a wagon for Camp Stotsenburg.

As there are no hotels in the "*bosque*" in the Philippines, incoming officers and their families are entertained by some family already settled in the new station. A cordial invitation had been sent to us at the transport on our arrival at Manila, and our host was at the train to meet us, with Army wagons and soldiers to help with the baggage, as well as a native house-boy, here called *muchacho*.

Joining a new regiment and a new post is a perpetual *début* in the life of an Army woman. I realized that I

knew none of the ladies stationed here, and my thirty days' sea-trip, together with shopping and visiting in Manila, had told on my strength, so it was with a sinking heart that I put on fresh gloves and made ready to step forth.

The moonlight was almost as bright as American daylight. We could see the large oval of the parade-ground, the long row of bungalows, defining "Officers' Row," on the one side, and on the other the long, low buildings which outlined the soldiers' quarters, while directly behind the houses a high and ragged range of mountains gave a grim and unhomelike cast to the scene.

Our life in these far Philippines is begun. Perhaps we shall find that

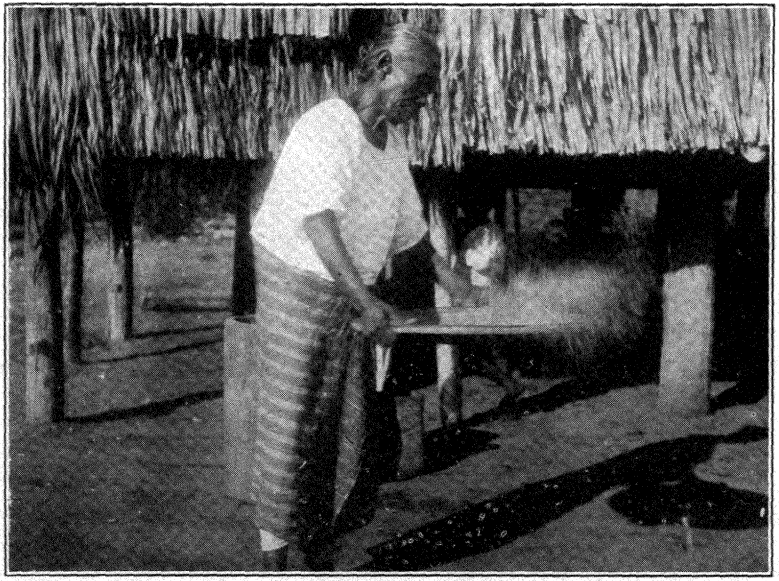
> "Earth has no cure for the nervous quest
> Like the soothing balm of the tropic calm
> And the land where things can wait."

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

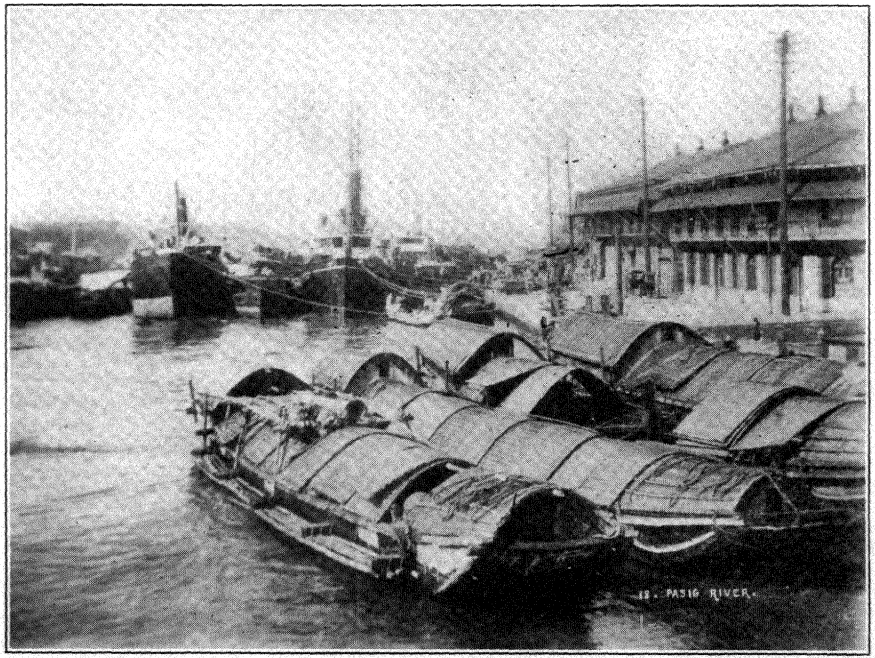
March, 1909.

We have moved into our new home, and I am trying to make living in some degree of comfort possible. It is the hardest problem in home-making I have ever tried to solve. Even living in an Army tent the weeks we had to spend crossing the Dakotas in the spring of 1894 was less difficult. In many ways I prefer the tent and to "move on" every day.

Camp Stotsenburg lies in the Pampanga Valley, for



Washing Rice in Guam



Pasig River, Manila

which the mortality of the Spanish troops earned the name of "The Spanish Graveyard." It is fifty or sixty miles north of Manila. A regiment of United States volunteers, encamped in this valley during the insurrection, was ordered to displace the enemy. Their colonel, a young captain of regulars, named Stotsenburg, was shot to the heart as he gave the command, "Forward, First Nebraska!" His blood baptized the valley, and the camp, which was built soon afterward, bears the name of the gallant young soldier.

North of Camp Stotsenburg lie great fields of sugar-cane and banana groves; on the south are the rice- and tobacco-fields; on the west a range of ragged-topped mountains, where the wild men, called Negritos, live; to the east Mount Arayat, an extinct volcano, which is a landmark for all this part of Luzon Island, rises abruptly from the rice-fields. Our bungalow faces the volcano.

The plans of all Uncle Sam's camps or posts are about the same: a square or oval plain for a parade-ground, with band-stand and flag-staff in the middle, officers' quarters along two sides, soldiers' quarters, headquarters, office, guard-house, and hospital on the other two sides.

The servants, houses, climate, and food are very tropical. Our Chinese cook knows no English, the Filipino house-boy ditto, nor apparently any known tongue; neither can the two women who wash and iron for us six days of the week speak a word except "*Buenos dias, Señora,*" with a beautiful bow, bending nearly to the floor, which is easy with their uncorseted figures. I now believe the Frenchman who declared that the "use of

language is to conceal thought," as language spoken in this house effectually conceals anything and everything thinkable. We are reduced to using the sign-language to the servants, and I am too polite to tell the kind of language we feel like using about them.

When we came to select our quarters this was the only vacant abiding-place in the post. The Colonel did not wish to rank anyone out if we could be sheltered comfortably. An officer's choice of quarters goes by rank and as he ranked second in command, there would be a "falling of bricks" along Officers' Row, each one taking next best, and so on.

This house makes me nearer heart-sick than any of the places called by courtesy "houses" that our Uncle Sam has given us. It is a square, one-story building of rough lumber, built on high wooden posts, each post set loosely in a cement square to sway with the earthquakes and also to keep the house cooler for the occupants. Incidentally, the white ants eat the posts and let the house down occasionally. I could easily run under our shack without stooping, if I dared brave the ants, lizards, rats, and house-snakes that there abide, not to mention cock-roaches and black spiders as large as the saucer of an after-dinner coffee-cup. The steep roof slopes to form the porch-top and from that is hung native matting, called *suale* (pronounced "swalley"). This keeps the porch shady, and, with the thick vines from the porch to the roof, it makes a pleasant out-door living-room. I like the porch; I feel safer out there, where I can see the approach of all humans, beasts, and bugs, than in the

dark house, with its rafters covered with all sorts of creepy things. Many of the porches are arranged and furnished charmingly with gay-colored straw mats, low willow chairs, stunning Chinese lanterns, and air-plants (a kind of orchid) hanging from the edge of the roof. Card-parties are given on these verandas, and many families dine there in the evening. It is the only comfortable spot I can find in our shack. If it were only screened and bug-proof!

We have real window-glass—just two rough frames set with common panes, but we are proud to possess them. Some of the quarters have Filipino windows, made of shell, with frames that slide in and out; they are very picturesque, and give a dim religious light in the rooms. Most of our windows, however, are simply huge square holes, with heavy wooden shutters that it takes a man to open or shut. When it pours rain or a typhoon is blowing, they must be closed, and we grope in the dark or use lamps.

We are informed that our roof does not leak—another of our mercies. The old-style roofs did leak, it seems, and during the rainy season everybody was soaked most of the time. Even the beds could not be kept dry, and the poor babies were put to sleep under umbrellas.

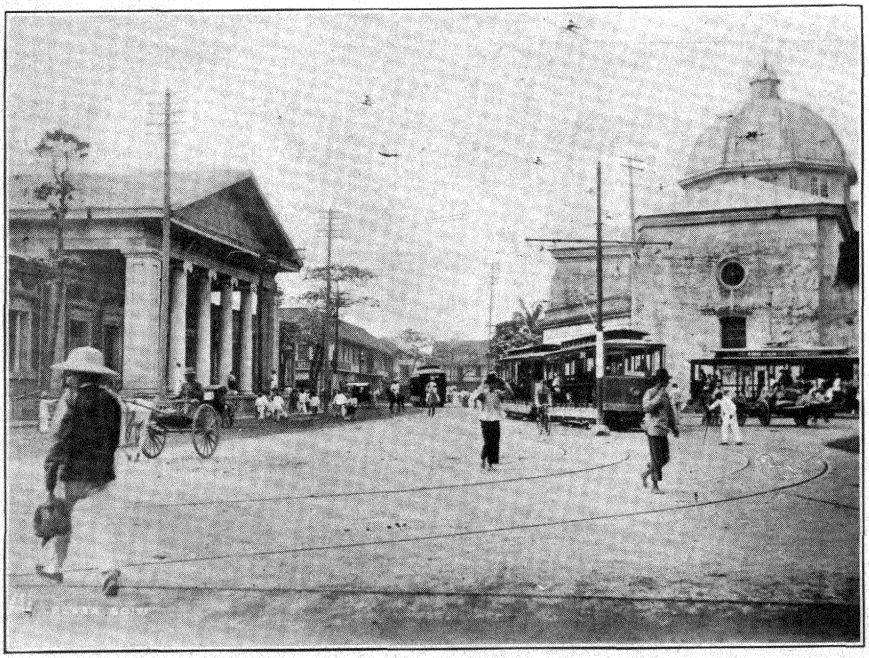
A garage would seem a palace, compared to this habitation. Across the open spaces (by courtesy windows) are wired top and bottom curtains of cotton crepe or Moro cloth; and living in these open-work bungalows is, as you may imagine, a rather *décolleté* affair. We have ceilings of matting woven of pale green and yellow grass

or bamboo and two yards wide. Native workmen nailed it up over the rafters, and it makes the ceiling look less ghastly, and serves to hide the festive, long-tailed rats and possible house-snakes which frisk above our heads.

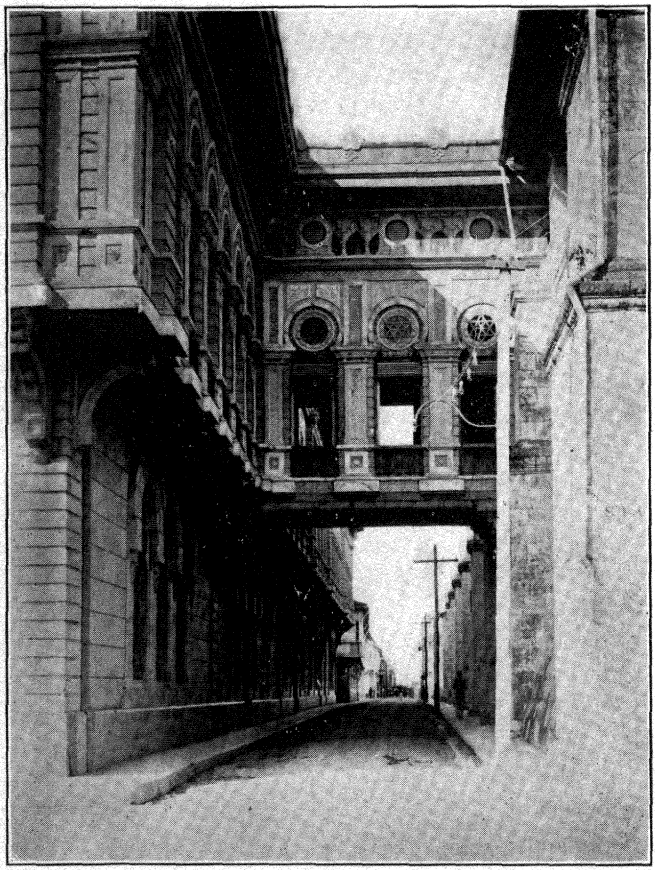
An officer in Cavite had a pet house-snake, which (or shall I say "whom"?) he called "Eliza." She would come down, run along the wall, and coil herself happily about a picture-wire. When the officer brought out his bride and settled down to housekeeping, Eliza slipped his mind. One evening at dinner the bride chanced to glance up at the picture-wire and fainted. Eliza took to the roof for safety, and the bride, despite her husband's protests that his pet was harmless and useful in keeping the house free of rats, visited the neighbors until the snake was killed.

They all insist that there are no house-snakes in these quarters, but I keep on looking under and behind things. The noises coming from the matting overhead indicate inhabitants, and the continual dropping of flakes of matting is, to say the least, suspicious. Lizards run all over and, falling to the floor, crack off their little tails. So long as they do not drop down my neck or into the food I can stand *them*. We had to get a cat to catch some of our choice collection of rats, cockroaches, and spiders. Everyone thinks we are peculiarly blessed in the possession of window-glass and a kitten. Just fancy coming ten thousand miles to appreciate window-glass and cats!

We have a dressing-room and bed-room, and from them a door opens out on the porch into the shower-bath, which is a small room made of grass matting. A pipe



Plaza Goiti and the Old Church of San Augustine, Manila.



Bridge Between Priest's House and Church, "The Street of the Palace," Manila

brings water through the roof, with a crude sprinkler on the end, and holes in the rough board floor carry off the water. I may summon courage to try it, but the sight of lizards and spiders and occasionally a rat as big as our little no-tailed cat prancing about overhead, along with the possibility of snakes coming up through the floor, is not encouraging.

The floors are covered with gay-colored mats the natives bring to sell; they conceal the ugly boards, and add to the gaiety of the family. Our Chinese willow furniture is comfortable, pretty, and suitable.

The days are hot and glaringly bright, and the nights seem cool in comparison, for a wind blows from the mountains about midnight that is damp, almost chilly, and a thin blanket of muslin weight is comfortable. Of course, mosquito-nettings are in constant use in this bug-infested place, though it would be useless to screen the houses, as one could easily throw a base-ball through the cracks and holes in the walls, roof, and floors. Our bed-nettings have sheeting tacked on top so we cannot see the lizards when they drop on the net.

Some of the houses are prettily furnished, as a number of the ladies were brave enough to defy advice and bring their nice home-like furniture and housekeeping things with them. Their handsome draperies, silver, and cut-glass seem doubly comfortable and joyous here on the other side of the world.

The bungalow that the field officers live in is built with one enormous square room, divided by light wooden partitions. In the middle a long space directly through

the building makes living- and dining-room in one, separated by tall screens of Japanese embroidery or bamboo. Off from this on each side are bed-rooms. Every sound can be heard, of course, through these thin walls.

At present we are being entertained all around the post with dinner-parties and dances, charmingly given. We dressed for our first dinner-party by the light of a lantern, as we were not yet settled. The floors are oiled to keep down the voracious ants, which eat everything, so I held the train of my dress over my arm while I finished my toilet.

We drove down the Officers' Line, and could see through the broad, open doorways the families at dinner. "Saints' Rest," a long, low building, where the unmarried officers live, presented a droll sight: about a table sat six white-uniformed young officers, and behind each chair stood a *muchacho*, waiting on his own lieutenant.

Our hostess's quarters looked lovely: a charming bungalow, with exquisite draperies, ornaments, and household goods suitable for any civilized place. The dinner was very good, and the table pretty. A large Chinese umbrella, which serves the double purpose of an ornamental ceiling and to catch the lizards before they drop into the soup, was suspended above the table. The hand-embroidered linen tablecloth from China, with dragon and bamboo design, was wonderfully fine, and in the center a Moro chow-bowl of carved brass, deep and round, held yellow Chinese lilies. Tall carved brass candlesticks with yellow shades repeated the color.

We had some native fruit, the wonderful mango.

Iced mangoes are fit for kings and queens; and I do not wonder at the Filipino proverb which says: "He who can eat no more of the mango is near to death."

The dinner was so like any luxuriously appointed meal in any well-bred home that there is little to tell. Only when I glanced down at the bare feet of the native house-boys who waited deftly and quietly, or looked out through the open doors to the dark, irregular outline of the volcano, could I realize how far from the United States we are.

When we reached home, only a lantern lighted the long, inky-black porch—a disheartening contrast to the lights and music and laughter we had so lately left. Think of going to bed in a dark old shack with the certainty that unknown insects and animals are near!

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

March, 1909.

The domestic problem here solves itself by the very simple process of addition. One has to keep many servants, as each does one kind of work, and nothing can induce the native to depart from an established routine. All the servants eat rice, and the wages are less than half those paid in the States. The Chinese "boy" cooks and is "No. 1 Boy." He virtually runs the house: hires and controls the Filipino house-boys and likewise the two *lavandaras*, who wash and iron six days of the week to keep us spick and span. I tried sending the

clothes to a Filipino laundress, with appalling results: the native's irons, filled with hot charcoal, burned and tore so much clothing that we have sent to Manila for United States irons, and reform work is in progress.

The cook also buys the vegetables, fruits, chickens, and eggs, and at the end of the week brings me his account-book. I cannot make out what is written, but the amount is right and tallies exactly with the gold given to him each Monday. I have to sign a "chit" book for every order given to the Government market, also for all notes or invitations sent us, to show that we have received them.

Our Chinese cook seemed possessed with an evil cooking-spirit at first. We could not eat the queer things he served, and finally we rebelled. I went out to the kitchen, which is at the end of the back porch, and said:

"You good cook, Ah Yan?"

"Oh, yes; he velly good."

"No, you are not," I declared firmly. "You velly bad cook. You cook *good* now or go *pronto!*"

I retreated with dire visions of Chinese wrath in store, but at luncheon we could scarcely credit our eyes or mouths. Such a perfectly cooked meal! We looked blankly at each other, and the Colonel said, in deep disgust, "All borrowed!" For you must know the cooks here borrow everything not nailed to the house. Dinner, however, was even more delicious; and from that day every meal has been a culinary dream.

The house boys are numbered 2 and 3, and I am "No. 2 Lady," as our quarters are No. 2 on the line.

House-boy No. 1 is a treasure. At 7 o'clock, our dinner hour, he comes softly to the porch corner from which we watch the sunset and announces something which means, "Señora, dinner is served." He looks like a hired mourner at a funeral, dressed in crisp, white clothing. We go out with all the ceremony attending a state banquet, and Vincente stands at "parade-rest" behind my chair. He serves quietly and well. Our table looks pretty, with Oriental embroideries, red-shaded candles, and a bowl of vivid red lilies. The light from a Chinese lantern swaying from an arch of woven bamboo makes fitful shadows on the bare rafters. Lizards run down the wall to catch the insects attracted by the lights, great June-bugs buzz noisily about and, coming too near the table, are deftly caught by the "boy," who takes them out to carry home later for "chow." Sometimes, to my horror, bats circle dizzily about the table, and I defy all dinner dignity and put my napkin over my head.

They tell me that I shall grow used to all these creeping things and flying fowl, but I cannot believe it; and I will admit that I have cried enough tears to make the lake in "Alice in Wonderland" look like a small wet spot in comparison. The heat is so great and the insects so intolerable! I am up at 6 o'clock in the morning to write or read in comfort, as by 10 o'clock it is too hot to do more than lounge in a willow chair.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

March, 1909.

It is 5 o'clock in the afternoon; the sun is low, and the mountains throw long, cool shadows. During the day only the men are out of doors; the ladies and children stay in the houses or on the porches until the sun goes down, and then everyone comes out on the long walk until dinner-time. The ladies look pretty and cool in their white evening-gowns as they walk slowly up and down Officers' Line. Some of the young girls and men play tennis; and on the far parade a game of polo is in progress.

At this hour the children and their nurses come out for their evening airing. It is a pretty flock of fair-faced little "Americanos": babies in buggies, babies learning to walk, and dainty little lads and lassies, shepherded by nurses of every nationality. Down the walk they come, a veritable "march of nations." A Chinese woman heads the procession; she wears a dark blue silk coat, loose as to cut, full as to sleeve, black silk trousers, white socks, and heelless black slippers with pointed toes; her hair, smooth and shiny, is coiled on the nape of her neck and held in place by two long ivory pins; jade ear-drops hang from her ears. Her loud, gutteral talk makes me think of Apache squaws. She waddles behind a baby-buggy.

Japanese girls, slim and dainty in bright-hued kimonos, follow, deftly pattering along in straw sandals and funny-toed socks; they bow prettily in answer to my greeting. Filipino girls, dark-eyed and dark-skinned,

shuffle by, keeping on, with an effort, their heelless wooden slippers with toes of velvet. These native girls have very small and remarkably slim feet. They wear trained skirts of gaudy calico, with thin, white muslin chemises and stiff *piña* handkerchiefs folded three-cornered about their bare necks, their arms showing thin and brown to the shoulder through the half-sleeve.

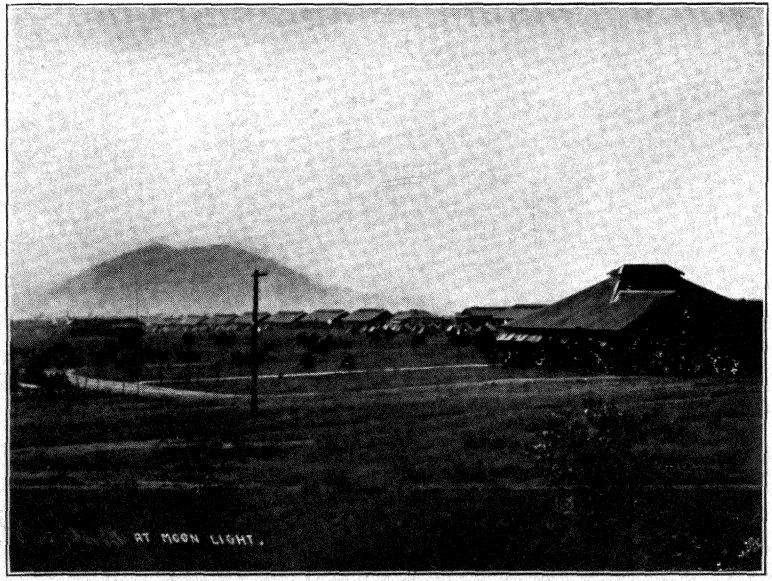
Six bright-eyed little "undressed kids" from a native school in a *barrio* near by have pattered up to the door, with bamboo screens and wall-hangings for sale. They are carefully woven and crudely painted. I parted with forty *centavos*, and two of the works of art are mine. I took their pictures, too, and one little fellow timidly hung back when the others left, asking politely, "Please, Señora, see picture?" It took the combined efforts of the cook, the house-boys, and my humble self to make the child understand that pictures were not made in a minute.

The sun is painting a glorious sunset from behind the range of volcanoes; Mount Arayat is an irregularly cut amethyst, set in clearest pink. On the back line a soldier is singing:

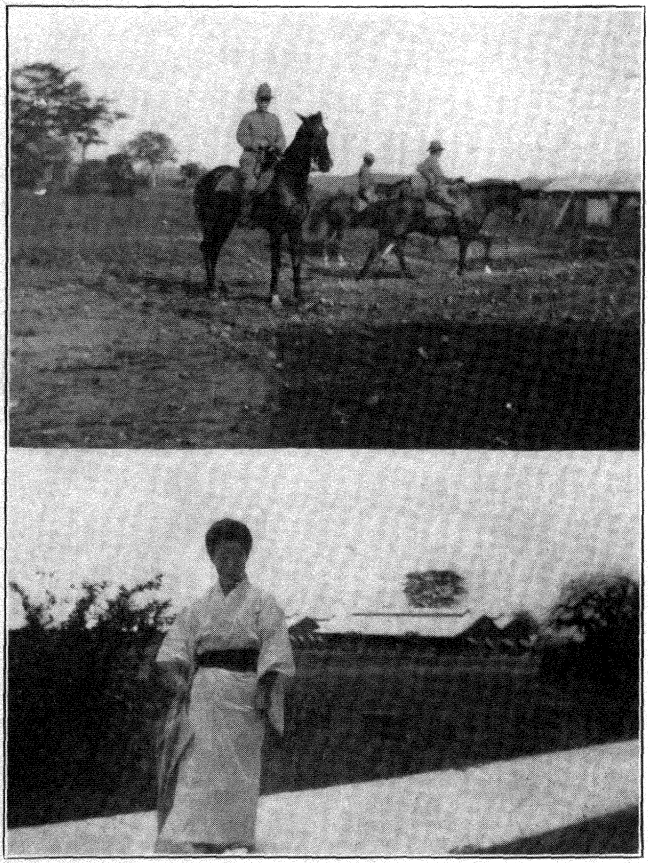
"The sailor-man, he's got a snap,
He gets the best that's goin';
At every port where he puts in
There's allus somethin' doin';
They wine 'im an' they dine 'im,
An' he's sure to get his fill,
But all they give the soldier is
A small
meat
pill."

Last night wildcats from the mountains came jumping through the window-spaces and, tearing through the rooms with dreadful squeals, ran out and about the porches. I howled with fright. The Colonel tried to convince me I was perfectly safe with a netting over the bed. *Netting* as a protection against wild animals! The good quartermaster has found some wire netting, left over from the hospital and six Filipino workmen are putting it in the window-spaces in our bed-rooms. I hope to sleep more peacefully to-night than since we left the transport, for now nothing larger than a rat or a snake can crawl into our rooms.

I have awakened the poor Colonel so often with the frightened whisper, "What's that?" that now he just murmurs, "Lizards," in a sleepy voice, and never wakes. He knows that I am less afraid of lizards than of the other beasts of the field who make their home with us.



Moonlight at Camp G, Philippines



Gen. Carter, Col. Shunk, and Orderly, Out for Inspection of Troops
Japanese Hair-dresser and Seamstress, Camp G, Philippines

IV.

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE TROPICS.

An Army Camp.

Camp Stotsenburg,
Luzon, Philippine Islands,

April, 1909.

The Colonel was ordered to Batangas on a court-martial before we were half unpacked; and, as I have been ill with the fever which is prevalent here, it was fortunate that Mme. X—— and Lucindy were staying with us, pending the arrival of their household goods on the next transport. All their furniture and boxes were left on the pier in San Francisco. It is too cruel, for there is nothing in this country to be had to supply them for housekeeping.

The fever is broken now, and so am I. Mosquitoes have bitten me, however, and the malarial germ abides.

We had an earthquake last night. It shook the house from side to side, broke open the double doors, rolled bottles off the shelves, and frightened Lucindy into the belief that the Day of Judgment was at hand. To-day we have had a typhoon or cloud-burst—a sudden

tropical storm that seemed to threaten the end of the world by deluge. All the telephones were burned out—ours went out of commission with a great snapping sound; and nearly all of the quarters are more or less water-soaked. We were fortunate; only a little stream came through our vaunted roof.

Oh, yes; with fever, earthquakes, and typhoons we are sufficiently amused.

Last evening at dinner we were startled by the sound of bare feet padding across the porch. The Major, who is visiting us, said: "Don't be startled. It is only some Negritos from the mountains come to look at us."

In the doorway stood three brown men, with only a gee-string for clothing, holding huge bows and arrows and gazing silently at us. We tried to eat our soup unconcernedly and talk as calmly as we could. After many long minutes, our strange visitors filed out and faded away in the darkness.

The Negritos are said to be the first inhabitants of the islands, and great numbers of them live right at our back doors, in the grim-looking mountains behind the post. They are divided into tribes, and are the least civilized of human beings—as near to primitive man as any known race. The women perform all the labor, which cannot be heavy, as they have no houses, but sleep in trees, and eat their food raw, tearing it with their teeth, which are sharpened to points.

These savages bring the beautiful air-plants into camp, tied with bamboo and slung from their shoulders, to sell to the Army people. These plants, of the orchid

variety, are found in tall trees, and one sees them hanging from the roofs of almost all the porches—a graceful fringe of green.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

April, 1909.

The court in Batangas, of which the Colonel is a member, has had to adjourn to meet in Manila, and so I came down here to stay until my warrior can come home.

We left the camp Easter morning on a 6 o'clock train, and from the moment of starting were thrilled with delight.

On the cars, across the fields, and at the stations Filipinos in Sunday best took the air, many of them carrying gamecocks, the family pets, under their arms. Out of every car-window was thrust a head and beside the head a rooster. The cocks were of many colors, and all ready to "fight and bleed and die."

The owner of a very fine bird took up his stand under the window of our compartment. "*Mucho grande. Bueno. He combatte?*" I said in "inebriated" Spanish. and the proud possessor of the cock smiled and bowed politely in response to the intended praise, while he stroked the bird and critically examined the tiny silver spur on its foot.

Across the vivid green rice-fields came carts pulled by carabaos or tiny ponies, filled with native women and children on the way to church. Their bright holiday raiment made an effective splash of color.

I would not have missed Easter in Manila. There are over eighty Catholic churches here, and we were quite an hour getting to the hotel, as the religious processions blocked the narrow streets and overflowed into the squares—bands, many priests wearing fine robes, men carrying banners and images of the saints.

We heard high mass celebrated at dawn in the fine old church of St. Augustine, with eight hundred worshipers kneeling on the floor and over a thousand candles wrestling with the shadows of that vast building. The organ was well played by a native priest, and the chanting and responses were very impressive.

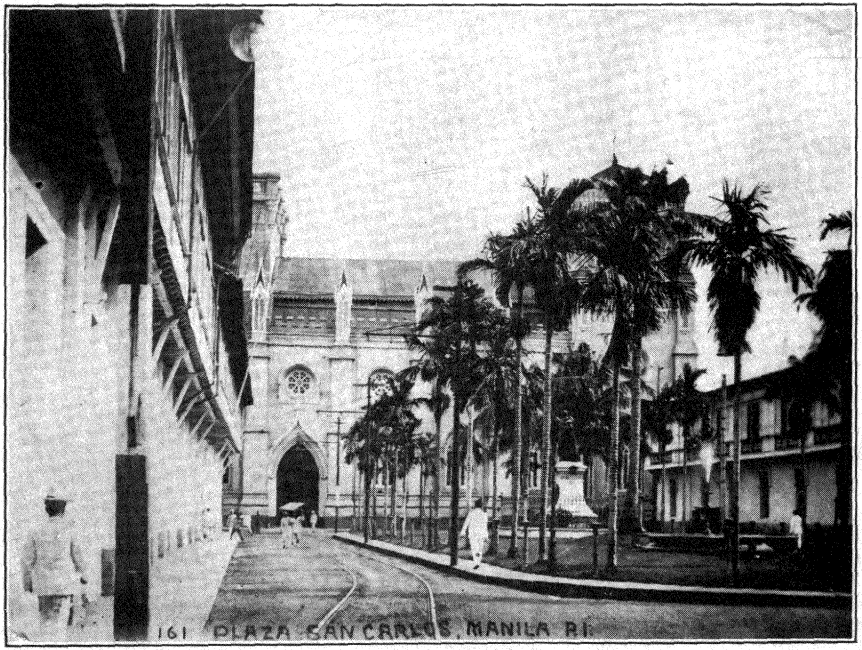
The carvings in the churches here are miracles of delicate workmanship.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

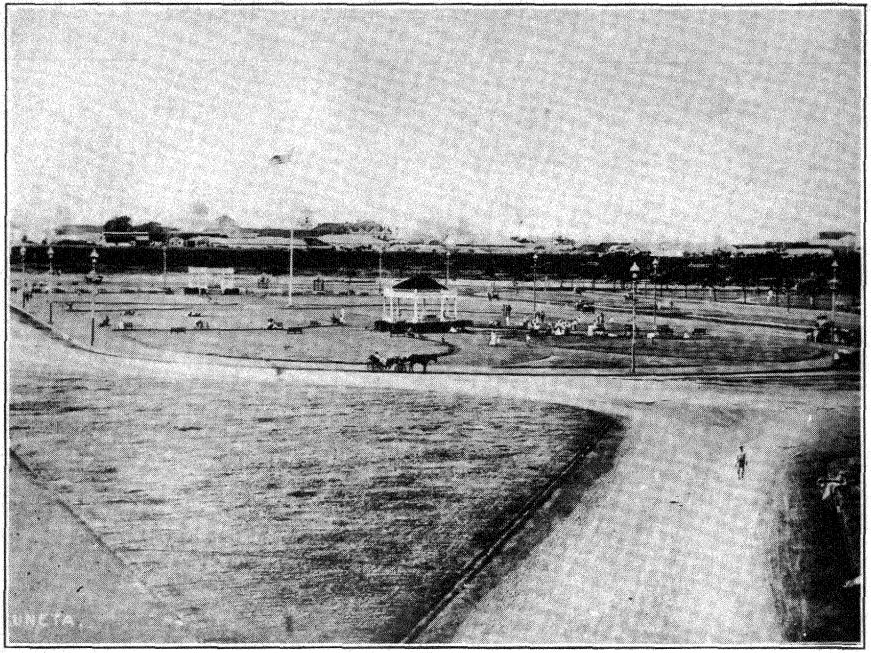
April, 1909.

This morning we drove to the division hospital to offer up a drop of gore in the cause of science and incidentally to find how many malarial germs I am still harboring. The hospital is a row of frame buildings, with white stone paths about them. In front is a large green square, filled with tropical trees. An orderly led the way to a building marked "Tropical Disease Board." In the operating-room a young hospital corps man pinched my unoffending ear and took a drop of blood, while several nice Army doctors stood about, telling the usual Oriental stories.

We are staying at the hotel I wrote of when we landed



A Plaza, Manila



The Luneta, Manila's Famous Driveway

in Manila. This time our room fronts on "The Street of the Palace." Across the narrow way is a small park, with winding walks of stone and grass plots, but no "Keep Off" signs. A high stone wall incloses part of this park adjoining the long barracks, which used to shelter Spanish troops; now a company of United States soldiers is quartered there. In the square and against that wall mutinous Spanish soldiers were once shot. It looks peaceful now, and far removed from the thought of death, in its mellow old colorings, the wall overrun with a luxurious vine, spangled with great crimson flowers. A United States infantry band plays in the park every evening, and "taps" is sounded at 11 o'clock at night. "Put Out the Light" comes softly across the way as I write.

The bridges which cross the Pasig should have a book written about them, they are so beautiful. The Bridge of Spain is the most interesting. Away back in 1600 it was a pontoon bridge, and in 1630 the "new" bridge was built of stone. The Americans have made it wide enough to allow the trolley line to cross and to accommodate horse and foot traffic.

We love to stand on this bridge and watch the boats, big and little, anchored in the river. Nearly fifteen hundred people live in these curious crafts, called *cascos* and *lorchas*. In one of the *cascos* I saw a fire in an open pot, a woman washing rice, a rooster, and many children. Why the whole outfit did not burn up I do not know.

We were ready to go forth and dine last night when, from a cloudless sky, came rain in sheets and torrents.

The streets ran rivers, and water poured through open doorways into the court of the hotel. Six Filipino "bell-hops" unfastened and shut the great double doors, and we sat on chairs, with our feet on the rounds of other chairs, in an effort to preserve our dinner-gowns and slippers.

Manila is called "Oriental Venice," with good reason, for it is but little above the sea-level; and only a few years ago in a big flood people were carried in *bancas* to and fro in the streets, which had become veritable canals.

We reached our dinner-party finally by making a sortie for a covered wagon, which, although all the curtains were down, leaked like a sieve. Needless to say, we were "demned, damp, unpleasant bodies," and our fresh frills somewhat crestfallen.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

April, 1909.

We have just returned from a few days' visit in Manila, and I look with a more favorable eye upon our shack, now that we are home from a stay in the best hotel in that metropolis; a complication of smells, sticky heat, and bad food not being to my liking.

The birds here are insect-feeders, and help us to live by destroying some of the myriad creeping, crawling, and flying pests which annoy us. They have shrill notes, but only one kind sings; the natives call it "the sad bird."

It sounds like a robin in early spring at home, and brings me the scent of apple blossoms. Another bird, of which I do not know the name, is jet black in color, except the wings, which are white with a tiny edge of black. They are fighters, and cling to the air-plants, quarreling constantly and emitting loud cries.

The Filipino boys are cruel to birds. They have a kind of air-gun, a hollow bamboo tube, through which they blow small stones and bring down the birds every time.

I have just bought a violin made of bamboo and tied with a bright red string. A small Filipino boy played upon it nicely, picking out "The Star-Spangled Banner" for my edification. He sold me the instrument for seventy-five cents.

The Filipinos copy our worst national traits and habits, it seems. There is an imitation strike on our toy railroad, and our supplies and mail are delayed. When the mail does come, soldiers guard the cars, "allee samee Americanos." It is too provoking.

We long for a real newspaper. All we can get is a Manila paper, which is flat, stale, and profitable only to its owners.

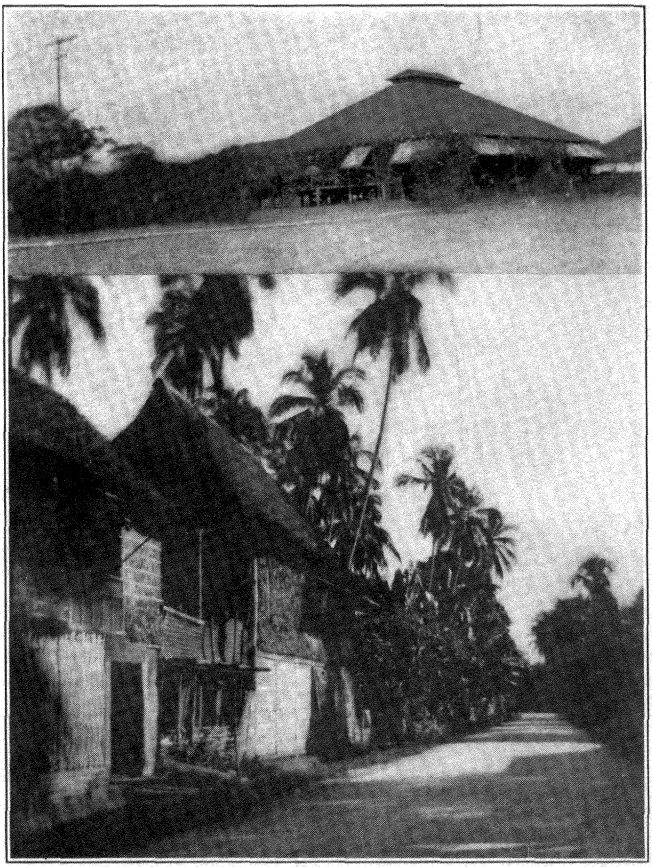
The usual cholera scare is with us. Most of the things we eat and drink are proscribed, and nothing is allowed to come in from the kitchen without first seeing the fire. On account of cholera, typhoid fever, and the pernicious malaria, which, like the poor, is always with us, this camp is a marvel of cleanliness. An officer makes the rounds of the entire reservation on horseback every

morning inspecting. Not a scrap of paper or a cigarette-end may be thrown about. Every yard, back and front, is literally scrubbed with hose and broom, and coal oil is poured on top of all pools of water and on the fire-buckets, which hang in a row on the back porch. Large covered wagons remove all refuse to be burned and carry away even the dish-water.

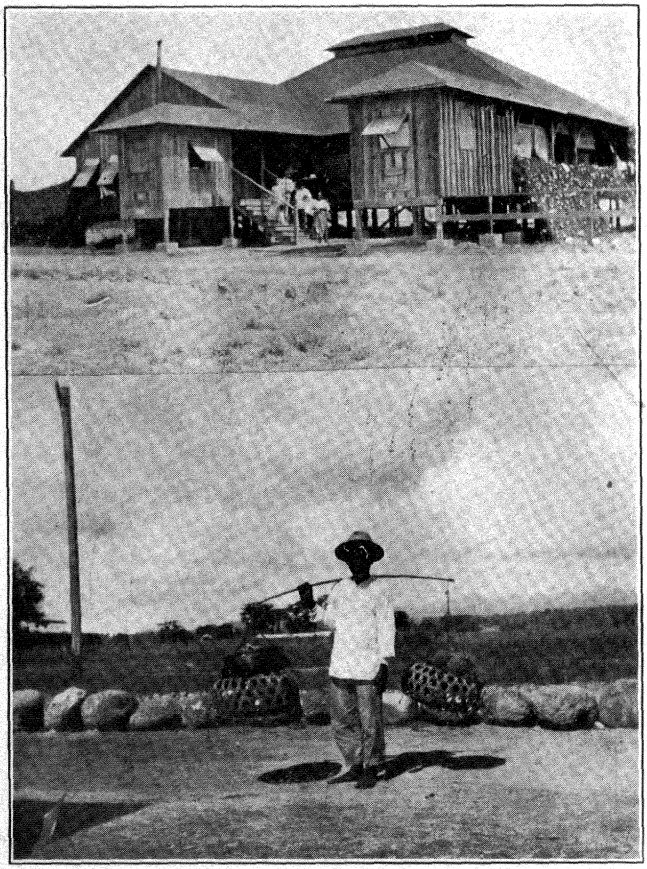
When the cholera is less, we can have fresh vegetables and fruit again, which we buy from sweet-voiced native women, who come to our back door, balancing baskets of finely woven grass upon their heads. These little brown sisters look gentle and clean, and I must say I like them.

Bananas, big and little, flourish here and are sold by the treeful. We buy from the women a basket at a time. (Did I tell you of the wise old priest who said, "Bananas and saints do not grow together"?) Papaya, the pepsin fruit, is a tasteless pink melon, but we like it for breakfast, iced and served with lemon and red pepper. The *chico* is dark brown and tough. It resembles a russet apple, and tastes as though baked dry in sugar. The native grapefruit, called *pomelo*, is large, green in color, with a thick skin and a bitter, acid taste. It is used in salads, and with American apples is very good. We use limes when the American lemons give out.

Mangoes are just coming into the market or, to be exact, into the baskets of the women. They are the nearest to perfection of any of the native fruits. The flavor makes one think of delicious perfumes, music, and moonlight nights. They are pear-shaped, pink and golden in color, with a large, provoking seed, and are



Quarters No. 2, Camp G, Philippines
Silversmith's House, Nipa Village, near Camp, Philippines



Rear of Quarters; Cook, House Boy, and Washerwoman
Our Chicken Man Selling Goods from Native Baskets

used in salads and ices. They make a very fine wine also. The mango-tree is tall and beautiful, with lancet-shaped leaves.

Chickens and eggs are plentiful, but small in size. An old man brings the fowls alive in a curious basket, which looks as though it had been woven over the chicken, like King Alfred's apple-dumpling. How they get them in or out I do not know.

All beef, pork, mutton, turkeys, and groceries are shipped from home by the Government transports once a month. Butter, cream, and milk come in tin cans from Australia. We sometimes use native coffee—it is not good; but the men consider the native cigars excellent. Most of our food comes from home, however, and we are finding this a good place to "bant."

From our porch we can see a deep notch in the far range of blue mountains, through which in insurrection days our troops marched to the east coast of Luzon to stop the bringing in of munitions of war from China. The Colonel was the first to take troops there, and was exiled nearly a year with his command. Recently a lieutenant was sent over there with some soldiers from this camp to make maps, and was reported murdered by head-hunters; but, happily, a company of soldiers sent to the rescue found the party alive and unhurt.

From time to time we hear disquieting rumors from Jolo, where troops are garrisoned. It is a walled city, with gates that lock at night. Every few weeks a sentinel is boloed, so now two patrol together, and an armed

guard escorts American women when they wish to drive outside the walls.

It is told that a short time ago two natives stopped at the porch of an Army officer in Jolo. They carried bags on their shoulders, and the young daughter of the house, thinking them peddlers, signed to them to open the sacks. Instead of the pretty stuffs and ornaments she expected, out rolled two horrible heads of tribal enemies.

We have had war to the knife in the kitchen, and have had to choose between the cook and one of the house-boys. The Colonel chose the cook. The boy and I parted with mutual regret. He clumped in to get his "paper" (recommendation) in a pair of hideous American yellow shoes several sizes too small, his pride in them offset only by the evident agony of his erstwhile bare feet. The thought of the noise of those shoes on our loose board floors made the parting less sorrowful on our side.

The new boy, sent by some of the servants on "Sud's Row," appeared at breakfast. He had decorated the table with large, shiny, green leaves and white star-flowers, and was dressed to match in a pale-green linen *camisa* and white cotton trousers, tied in at the ankles. His feet were bare. As poetic as his costume is his name, Pedro Adrillian. At dinner he serves in full dress—white coat and trousers, with straw sandals. There are so many dialects spoken in these islands that it is difficult to make one's self understood by the natives. My neighbor has a boy who is called an "interpreter," of whose English she is very proud. She was spending the

morning with me recently, and, needing her glasses, she called her boy and directed him to "get glasses."

"Now," she said, vaingloriously, "you will see how well he understands English."

We tried not to laugh when we saw the interpreter crossing the lawn, bending under the weight of a large plate-glass mirror, taken from a dressing-table.

The same boy was once told at dinner to take a dish of food out and heat it. After a delay he appeared, and said meekly, "I have eat it, Señora."

Captain and Mrs. G—— have been giving a dinner-party. We assembled on the porch, when dinner was announced, and took up the "line of march" for the dining-room, preceded by two large bats, which sailed dizzily about the table. Our hostess has a well-known aversion for bats, and, gathering the train of her thin dress over her head, declared hastily that she did not wish any dinner; neither did the other ladies, who covered their heads with lace scarfs and handkerchiefs, and from the doorway watched a comical scene. Our host is not only tall, but exceedingly stout. He stood, like Casey at the bat (an apt simile, you will agree), with broom held aloft, while the Colonel valiantly flourished an umbrella to the great danger of the best lamp. Two slim, young lieutenants just from West Point danced about, executing high jumps, while Major G——, making passes with a saber, bellowed lustily: "Look out! I have him!" in a voice of thunder. The team-work of our men is not good, I fear.

The bats presently retreated to the rafters, and we

plucked up courage to go out to dinner, casting many fearful glances to the ceiling. But we were not stampeded again.

We have dined, also, with our Kentucky friends—almost a real, old-time Southern dinner. Mme. X—— met us at the door with a kiss of welcome, and Lucindy, resplendent in a checked gingham dress, with a very large white apron and a ruffled cap, came in to say, "Howdy?" A small Filipino boy, dressed in a khaki suit, to his great joy and glory, waited at table.

As each dish was served and praised, Mme. X—— smiled placidly, and when we reached the "bursting-of-buttons" stage, Lucindy was called in to give minute directions for making delicious corn-pudding, beaten biscuit, and for frying chicken. She confided to us, with a roll of her black eyes, "Dis yeah no furrin, heathen dinnah; dis jes plain Christian victuals."

Just before we started for Mme. X——'s bungalow a shower descended upon us, with thunder and lightning. The wind rocked the house and tore down the Filipino mats from the walls. The candles went out, the porch screens flew into the yard, and the boys ran about fastening the heavy shutters and pulling the bars across the doors.

At 8 o'clock the storm lessened a little, and we went down the line in the hospital ambulance. At 11 o'clock we came home, walking, like the Israelites of old, dry-shod, and in the light of a glorious full moon, as is the way with these "temperamental" tropic storms. Not a trace of

the tempest remained, except tubs in the living-room, half-full of water from our "leakless" roof.

Our little no-tail cat is growing like Jonah's gourd, and is company for us. He catches bugs and mice, and is a terror to lizards and spiders. A tail, it seems, is quite an unnecessary adornment.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

May, 1909.

This morning we drove a mile through the tall jungle-grass, called *cogon,* which is higher than the top of our covered wagon, to find a native who does pretty work in silver. In a *barrio* of perhaps fifty *nipa* shacks, which bordered its one narrow street, we found the place—a two-story house, with shop below and dwelling above, the latter reached by a ladder from the ground. Dogs, pigs, chickens, and children rolled about the hard dirt floor of the shop. The silversmith, a very fat man (most Filipinos are thin and small), came out to the wagon, holding up for our inspection a finely carved narawood tea-tray, with silver grapes and leaves cunningly laid on. He brought an old Gorham catalogue for us to select the kind of article we wished made from the silver dollars we gave him. I chose a carved bracelet.

On the way home a wild deer ran in front of the mules and frightened them so that they jumped into the jungle-grass and almost upset us. We wished for a gun. Hunters find many kinds of game here. There are hun-

dreds of large, gray, thick-bodied deer, and in this part of Luzon there are also the Japanese and tiny mouse-deer. Wild boar, pigeons and jungle-fowl, (many kinds as large as chickens) abound, etc, also ducks, wild geese, wild-cats, boa-constrictors, and crocodiles, to say nothing of humans, who are the game which the head-hunters are stalking just now.

In the mountains back of the camp are villages of wild men. Two Americans lately visited one of them, a settlement of over two hundred Negritos. With a guide, a friendly native, they climbed the highest peak, which we see from here, going up afoot, carrying their food on their backs. The mountains are green to the summits, and they said it looked like Eden in the valley below, with its thousands of feathery-topped palms and bamboo-trees. It took the party several days to reach the top, but their trouble was repaid, for they found out much that is of interest about the customs of the little wild people.

The Americans visited the villages and found forty or fifty Negritos living in each community. They sleep in tall trees, climbing by their bare feet up the notched tree-trunks; and in some cases ladders of bamboo were stretched from tree to tree. They do not cook their food, but eat the flesh of animals and fishes raw, tearing it with their sharpened teeth. No plantings of rice were found, and it was evident that wild fruits and game constituted the food supply.

The Negritos are short in stature, dark, and with heavy matted hair. They scar their bodies with curious marks

The men wear only a loin-cloth, and carry large bows and arrows, which they use with skill. The arrow-heads are poisoned, and a scratch or wound would be a serious thing. The women wear a piece of cloth tied about the waist and falling to the knees. They are usually adorned with necklaces of beads, shells, or teeth, and sometimes anklets of straw.

These savages are head-hunters, and the United States is having difficulty in persuading them that a man's head is his personal property and that he is not lightly to be deprived of it. It is to be feared that the Negritos are not appreciative of the benefit they enjoy from the presence of an armed force, which demands their food, breaks up their customs, and makes them live in houses and wear clothes.

The party of Americans stayed all night—it was full moon—and were fortunate enough to witness a sacred dance. When the wild people were about to eat, the first piece of meat was thrown into the air, and the words which the circle of feeders shouted as the rite was performed meant, according to the interpreter, "This is to thee." It was an offering to a spirit or a god.

The head-hunters hold that the spirits of the departed cannot be happy alone, so when one of their number dies his friends are on the lookout for a companion to send along to the shades with the spirit to keep him company. I should think this might have a chilling effect on would-be visitors to the Negritos.

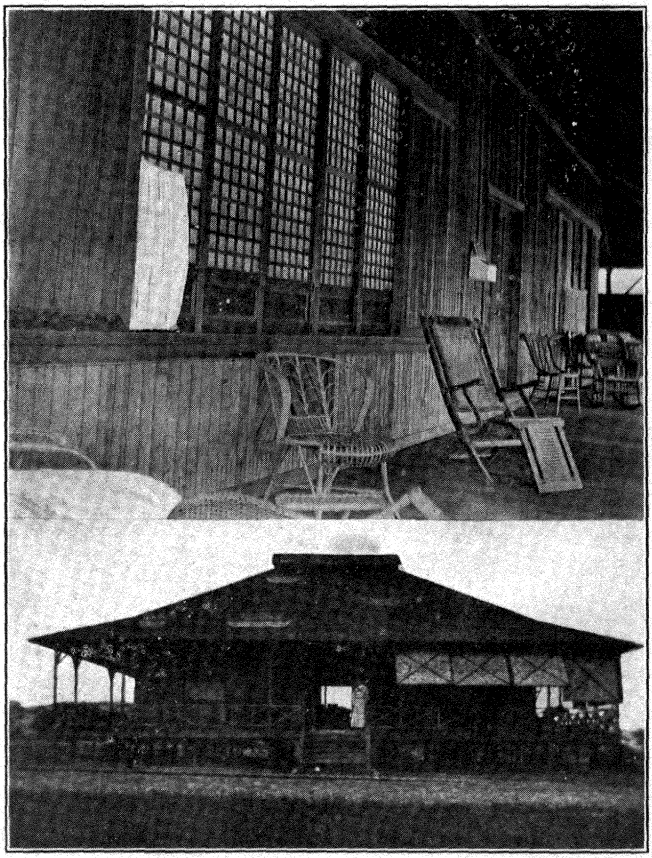
As I write a band of these wild men is passing the house, walking in single file, led by the chief of the clan,

who wears a brilliant scarlet shirt, which comprises his entire costume. A little boy brings up the rear of the procession, clad in a pair of bright green trousers. The law of compensation holds good, it seems—to him with shirt, no trousers; to the trouserless, a shirt. The satin-brown skins, combined with the scarlet and green of the garments, is a delightful color-scheme. To add the note of color to complete the picture, I threw an orange to the boy; he caught it in his teeth.

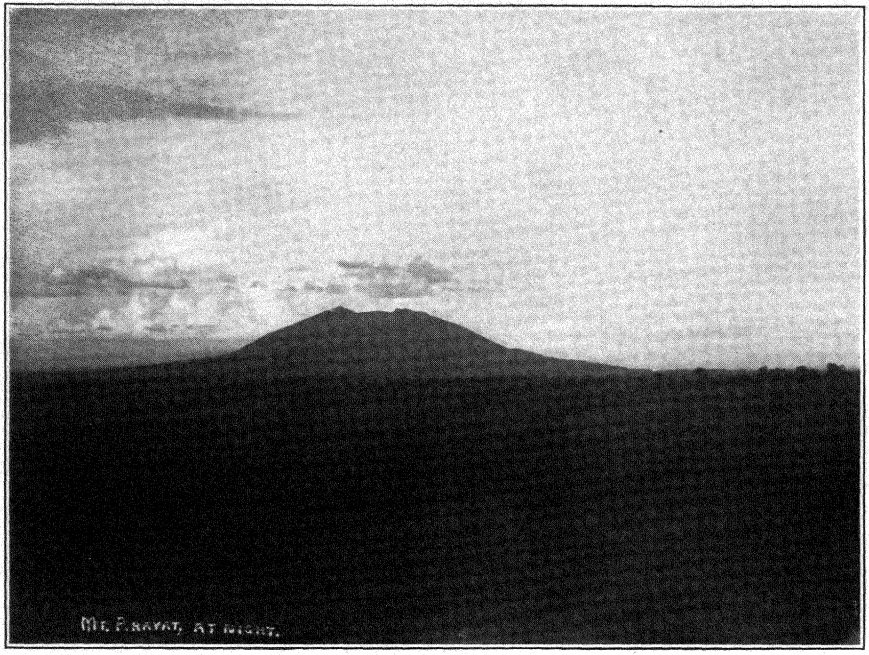
Clothes are not popular in this country. Spring fashions have no place in our thoughts, and there is no buying of Easter hats to annoy us. A Japanese woman makes shirtwaists and fine undergarments and embroiders beautifully, which is all-sufficient. We are about two years behind the styles, of course; but as everybody is "in the same boat," nobody cares.

We are also far behind on books, music, and the theaters, but up on volcanoes (there are twenty active in these islands and more than that inactive), and on wild men, snakes, earthquakes, typhoons, sunsets and moonlight, bright flowers and fruits, and patient, low-voiced, soft-footed servants.

The Filipino mayor of a near-by town has come to the house to go with the commanding officer to inspect his village. The United States Government has to keep an eye on sanitary conditions in all the towns adjoining the camp in order to protect soldiers from disease. The lovely banana grove that added much to our landscape is being cut down, as it breeds mosquitoes by the million. Too bad!



Detail of Porches on Quarters, Showing Native Shell Windows



Mt. Arayat at Night, Phillippines

Talk of the severity of the Roman fathers! Compared with a military husband, they were as mild as milk. Mine has sent to himself (which means me) a report that the slop-cans in the rear of our quarters were left uncovered one morning. The natives are in terror of germs, which they call "Americana devils." Their former ignorance must have been bliss.

The Filipinos are not dirty people—quite the contrary; they are the most bathed, washed, and ironed creatures you can imagine, and sally forth from wretched-looking little *nipa* huts spick and span and immaculately clean. The children are yellow-white and have abnormally large stomachs. They die by hundreds, a generous diet of crabs, green bananas, and sugar cakes not being conducive to long life.

One can spend hours trying to explain to native servants the problems of the daily routine in the household, which is complicated, compared with their own simple life. A wall of bamboo, twelve by twelve feet, a steeply pointed roof of poles and palm leaves, a floor of bamboo poles set on high wooden posts; one room, with a box of earth at one end, a fire in the middle, some brown pottery cooking utensils, grass mats on the floor to sleep on—such is the Filipino's "home, sweet home." To the natives, moving is almost as simple as it must have been in the Garden of Eden—a mere matter of gathering up the pots and pans and whistling to the dogs. The children carry the mats, the beloved carabao is driven to the new home—and it is done.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

May, 1909.

In the afternoon everybody and everything takes the *siesta*. It is the quietest hour of the twenty-four. Our servants cover over the "tiffin" dishes (shades of New England housekeeping!), desert the kitchen, and take a nap. In Manila the shops might just as well close during the hour that the native clerks reserve for the *siesta*, for no business can be done.

The Filipino looks with awe upon a sleeping person. The natives believe that the spirit leaves the body during sleep, and that if one were suddenly awakened, the soul might not return. Carpenters were sent to do some work in the house one day, and the Colonel, who had been taking his *siesta*, not hearing the expected hammering, went out to the porch, where he found the carpenters sitting idle. One said in Spanish: "Please, may we work now? Muchacho says, 'Make no noise; the Señor sleeps.'"

Two Filipino women came to see me to-day. They bowed repeatedly, and made polite inquiries after the Señora's health. Presently they made me understand that they had called to see my "grand house." They inspected our housekeeping arrangements with open-mouthed admiration, but the American cook-stove seemed to please them best of all. They timidly begged me to "make music" upon it, thinking it a piano, I suppose.

The servants are constantly leaving notes for us to find; they will not ask for anything in words. If they cannot write English, they find some Filipino who can. Here is a specimen note left by a former house-boy, who married and now wishes to take in washing from the soldiers. It is the best in writing and spelling we have ever had. I send it just as it is written:

Honorable colonel

Hon sir we rejoice if our letter reach you in the same condition as before now sir as are in wait under your protection we wish to beg a favor of taking mucho contract about laundry we desire one troop to have of its cloths the price, honorable sir and colonel 2 pesos of the one soledad we expect of your kindness although we are not here by the grace of god to get of this work for which with thanks,

your obedient servant

PEDRO CATAP

Our new house-boy is very intelligent, but if I ask for a glass, he brings in a fire-bucket; or for a chair, he pulls in the laundress, much to her amazement and mine. When once he gets a thing done in the right way, he never forgets, however. He has the memory of a phonograph.

The laundresses are sitting out on the porch, pounding the clothes with heavy sticks. I make them boil the clothes now on the American stove, which they consider most unnecessary and cruel. They have to use starch, too, instead of rice-water, which makes the clothing like stiff paper and unfit to wear; and it is another grievance that they have to put starch in the clothes and not eat it! They iron on a blanket spread on the floor, and as they

smoke long cigars during the process, the clothing is apt to be burned and scorched. They do up the white and khaki uniforms most excellently, however.

Of all the nations represented in the camp, Josi, the Japanese sewing-woman, is the most pleasing. Her work is quietly and perfectly done, with a smiling face and gentle manner. She is a picture of comfort in her light cotton crepe kimono and straw slippers. When I don a kimono, she laughs and pats the sash into place, saying, "Madame, so!" discreetly looking away from my attempts to keep on straw sandals.

"Where are you from, Josi?" I ask her.

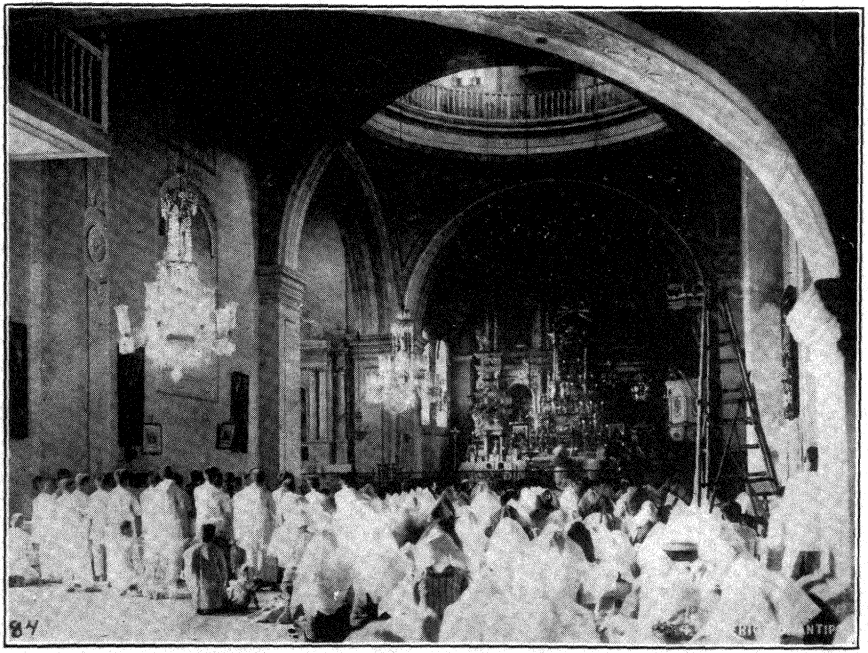
"Oh! five year here, twelve year Honolulu," she answers. "Born in Japan, yes."

The whole earth is swimming in heat-waves, across the valley and to the top of the volcano fifteen miles away. Even the green rice-paddies look blistered. Sweeping the floor with wet tea-leaves, making a faint breeze, seems cool. The gloom of the black-raftered room is grateful on this day of burning sunshine.

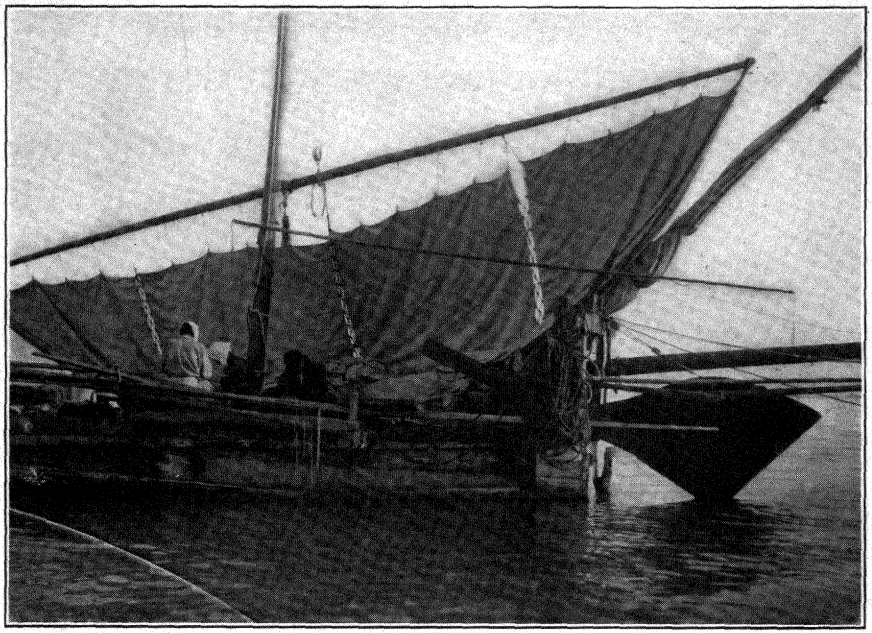
CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

May, 1909.

Mrs. D—— and I were awaiting our husbands' return from Manila last night, and I dined with her. It had been a very hot day, and at 8 o'clock, when we sat down to dinner, it was ominously still and breathless; then in a moment a typhoon was upon us. A great blast



Sixteen Hundred Candles Burning at Early Mass, Manila



Filipino Fishing Boat, Manila

of wind smote the house with a roar. It pulled down the *suale* screens outside, and the matting over the rafters followed suit. A crash of breaking flower-pots and earthen jars on the porch reached our ears, but we were having "troubles of our own" inside the house. The tall screens fell flat, and everything not fastened took to itself wings and flew through space. Out went the candles on the table and down came the rain; great swishes and rushes of water—water all over the table, and a stream pouring down my neck.

My hostess, "mistress of herself, though the heavens fall," remarked quietly: "The rain is coming through the big ventilator in the roof," and the servants scurried to close it and the heavy shutters. We pushed the table into a corner, and the house-boy served dinner, from the soup to the ice, as calmly as though typhoons were his specialty, while the cook moved about, taking up rugs and pulling down the handsome Chinese draperies. We finished our dinner as bravely as we could, although the telephone wire burned out with a loud snapping sound, and we had to shriek to make ourselves heard above the roar of the thunder and the drumming of the rain on the tin roof. The house creaked and swayed fearsomely.

After dinner we lifted our wet skirts, and, stepping over puddles, settled ourselves in long Chinese chairs, with our feet tucked up in them, and drank coffee while we watched the long-tailed rats hurrying along the rafters over our heads. In storms the rats always come down as near the floor as they dare.

Near the lantern that did not go out big, fat "chow"

bugs buzzed blunderingly and fell into our laps. These loathsome bugs are sold in the markets and the natives eat them. They consider them a rare treat.

We listened anxiously, but in vain, for a whistle or roll of wheels to announce the home-coming of our warriors. A terrific crash from the end of the camp added terror to our already frightened hearts. It was then near midnight, and we opened the door a crack. The banana-trees writhed, the rain hissed from the spouts on the roof, the lights from the barracks flared through the fire-trees. It was a series of cloud-bursts.

The sound of voices outside was an unspeakable relief. The Doctor had come to see if we were afraid (of course we said, "No!"), and he had met the two husbands walking home from the station. Their wagon had stuck in a ditch, where the horses had jumped in fright at the storm.

We learned later that the roof had blown off a set of soldiers' barracks, which explained the big crash; and if the men, who were unhurt, are to be believed, that roof is flying still. Nipaville, a collection of shacks occupied by soldiers, was blown away, but the men, lying flat to the ground, escaped injury.

Between gusts of rain and fitful blasts we reached our house. Gloom settled upon me at beholding the wreck within, and the tubs and pails full of water sitting about. Our thoughtful boy had spread raincoats over the beds, and we hunted dry clothing from the trunks.

"What do they do in Spain?" I asked mournfully.

"Why," answered the Colonel, "they let it rain."

Mother Goose philosophy set us laughing over our mishap.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

May, 1909.

We have just come home from a drive across the camp to the canteen—that misleading name for post exchange—the old canteen, without the beer. The soldier walks six miles to a town now, and gets drink that poisons him. Poor, lonesome, homesick boys! In this camp there are fully fifteen hundred men. They have no homes, no concerts, theaters, shops, libraries, or amusement-halls; no place under a hot, brassy sky but a stifling old shack, occupied by other homesick men, a cot, and a locker. They can sit on the locker and twirl their thumbs the few minutes they are not drilling, fighting *Insurrectos*, guarding Government property, or going to school; but there is no place of amusement for them except in the near-by towns, which are the lowest of places.

Take everything that makes life worth living away from our "first-class fighting-man," and leave him the monotony of heat, the *bolo* that cuts, the fever that burns, the insects that sting, the cholera and the plague, and what more can he ask? Is it not enough glory to suffer and die for his country and fifteen dollars a month?

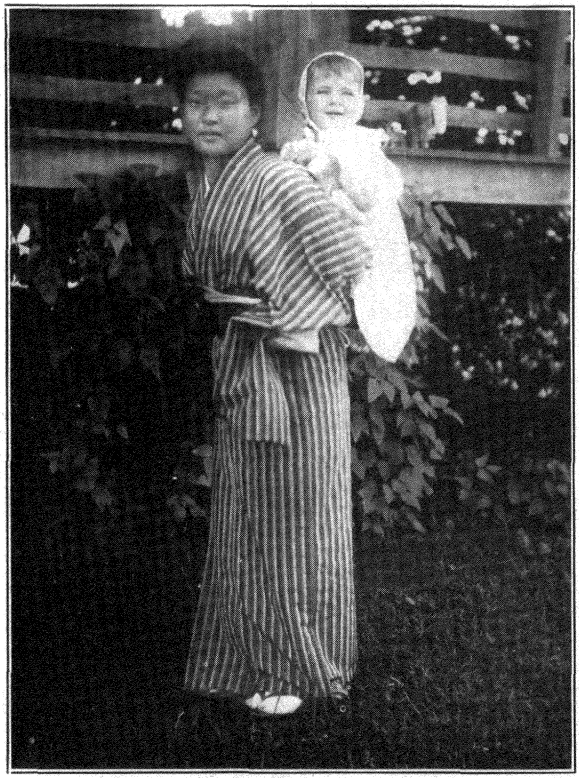
At noon to-day a soldier accidentally shot his "bunky," and the poor fellow who was so careless is

almost crazed with grief. The Colonel happened to be the first to arrive at the barracks, and the dying boy gasped: "Sir, I am willing to die for our country. I have always wanted to do my part." It shows the spirit of the American soldier.

A very dignified officer took luncheon with us to-day. He is new to the service, and of course to our ways of housekeeping in the jungle; and I do not know what possessed our "boy" to dress in a shirt with a coat over it to wait on table. To see the "boy" stepping about with shirt-tails flying out from under the coat was startling, but I could not have him change his costume after he had appeared to announce "tiffin."

To-day being Decoration Day, the flag is at half-mast, the band is playing a funeral march, and officers and troops have gone out to the cemetery to see to the decorating of the few graves there. The graveyard is a desolate spot. One must go across a banana-grove, through the edge of the jungle, and the great weeds and *cogon* grass. Giant cactus and fern-trees tower above, with an occasional beautiful mango- or fire-tree. The little square of sun-baked ground is fenced in with unpainted boards. In one corner are two tall rain-trees. Underneath, the narrow mounds, marked with white-painted boards lettered in black. I am glad the Government takes home our soldier dead. It would be too heart-breaking to leave them forever in this alien land.

Everyone is rejoicing over a new cement walk all about the camp. It is a great improvement over the old one of loose boards, which let the snakes crawl up and



Helen Coaghlan and Oaki (Japanese Nurse)

Officers' Children Playing Games, Camp Stotsenburg, Philippines

over the feet of nervous ladies and children. The natives have a legend that Noah's ark rested on the top of Mount Arayat, which has twin peaks. The ark sank down and made the hole in the top of the mountain. At that time all of the animals were run over the next range of mountains into the sea, excepting the beloved carabao, dogs, tailless cats, chickens, snakes, rats, and insects. I must say I regret that the snakes and flying cockroaches and their kindred were not run along with the rest.

We are having earthquakes now in the mornings. Everything shakes and rattles, and our neighbor's dog howls dismally. Ah, well!

"On different heads misfortune falls.
One bears them firm; another faints;
While this one hangs them like a drum
Whereon to batter loud complaints."

V.

SHOPPING IN THE JUNGLE.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

June, 1909.

Sunday morning we drove over to Angeles, a town seven miles away, to see the natiive breakfast served in the public square. In order to do this, we and the neighbors who went with us breakfasted together at 5 o'clock, and drove over a narrow road, through the *cogon* grass, with four horses to pull the covered Army wagon. Along the road we passed *nipa* houses, with thatched roofs, set high above the ground on wooden posts. Underneath live the family goat, pigs, and chickens, and always a lean dog or two prowls about. Leaning out from the open window-spaces above, the family, of all ages and sizes, returned our salutations with smiling faces. Some of the children called "Hello!" in shrill tones, eager to display their knowledge of English.

Angeles has about sixteen thousand native inhabitants. The church and the market are worth seeing. Our equipage caused great excitement as we drove carefully through the alleys, where the children played in

the middle of the road. Native men, arrayed in stiff, white suits, bare of foot, and with finely woven straw hats set jauntily on the side of the head, stepped courteously aside to let us pass. It is modish here for gentlemen to carry the pet rooster under one arm, and these game chickens are handsome birds. Their owners liked our outspoken admiration of them.

We drove first to the fine old church, which was built by the Spaniards in 1760. Every church in the islands is the "oldest," but to Americans even the comparative infancy of several hundred years is not without charm. The church in Angeles is a massive stone building, with a vine-covered tower of beautiful proportions. Great cracks in the stone walls tell their tale of earthquakes. The church has several entrances, and the two main doors are of wood, carved in exquisite detail.

Inside a mellow light was on alcoves and altars, showing a gleam of images of solid gold, a superbly carved gold wine-service that came from Spain in an old-time galleon, with candelabra, crucifix, and plates. The altar was ablaze with candles, as it was near the hour for service, and from the organ-loft an unseen player made sweet and devotional music. The pulpit, of dark wood, with insets of brass and shells, is carved to lace-like fineness, and the paintings are so faded and stained with time that we could scarcely make out the subjects. Relics, images, shrines, and solemn aisles were filled with peace and incense. There was a distant chanting of priests in a hidden alcove. It must have taken many years and and thousands of *pesos* to build this beautiful church.

Adjoining is the convent or priest-house, with delightful gardens. Women are not allowed to pass its heavy gates, but the kind *padre* who showed us about allowed us to peek through the gratings. We could see the boys' school, and the garden was like a paradise, with great flowering bushes, tall fire-trees, taller palms feathery bamboo, and banana-trees, through which brilliant birds trilled and twittered, and the little "love-birds" hopped about, so tame that one ventured to perch on the shoulder of a young priest, who paced to and fro, intent upon his book of prayers. Choir-boys and acolytes in red and white and black-robed priests walked in the shadowed paths. A lovely spot, that garden, pervaded with quiet and solemnity.

The domestic architecture of the Philippines is distinctly its own. The best type of dwelling is raised on high pillars of stone, with open foundations, and the second story built over and overhanging the first, with wide-spreading eaves. These houses have long, open galleries and shell windows, and the floors are of mahogany, which is kept polished to a mirror surface.

In a house like this, adjoining the church square, lives the *presidente*, on whom we left cards. It is the mansion of the town. Over the balcony trail moon-blossoms, and yellow lilies flaunt in the white-walled garden, where still flourish the old-fashioned New England flowers planted by American ladies in insurrection days. Sweet peas, hollyhocks, pansies, and pinks looked quaint and prim, growing alongside the gay tropical blossoms. During the insurrection General M—— lived in this

house, and the Colonel had often dined with them on the wide veranda.

Then we set out for market. The streets were filled with natives, wearing their Sunday best. A rich Filipino woman wears a long skirt, the length of which denotes the money in the family. We noticed one woman clad in a bright-red skirt, with white coin spots (a favorite pattern) and the *camisa*, with a stiff *panuelo* (neck-cloth), a seventeenth-century collar. Corsets are unknown to native women. Many of them dress in black. We saw a man wearing a bright flowered *camisa*.

The market is a raised stone platform, surrounded by a gutter and roofed with thatch, supported by tall posts. Inside, squatting on the stones, are the merchants, nearly all of them women. The "little brown sister" occupies a higher position in the Philippines than do the women of China or Japan. Here the women buy and sell, manage the income, and run the little *tiendas* (shops.) They did not ask us to buy, but kept up a continual chattering with one another. Naked children ran after us, hailing us as "Americanos." We said "Hello!" politely, wishing to help on the good work of making American citizens.

Baskets of all shapes and sizes were piled about each group of shopkeepers, and over cords stretched along the little matting booths were hung cheap and gaudy American goods and really pretty native fabrics. Vegetables, fruits, fish, and bugs were displayed in shallow baskets—large green cucumbers (shrieking "Cholera!"), fine bananas, mangoes, cocoanuts, oranges, limes, papayas, pili-nuts, peanuts, mud-fish, black and snaky shrimps,

and "chow-bugs," piles of *dolce* (made of coarse brown sugar, covered with chocolate and cocoanut), and all smelling to heaven.

Groups of men, women, and children sat or stood about the market-place, having breakfast. We stopped to watch a woman cooking over a charcoal fire, a large four-legged iron pan serving as stove and utensil at the same time. In the pan was boiling grease. With a long-handled dipper, made from a cocoanut, the woman scooped up from a basket alongside something that smelled and looked like sliced cooked cabbage; on this was deftly dropped a few shelled nuts and then a thin sauce, which may have been made of egg and sugar, This mixture went into the boiling grease and soon puffed up into a fat, round, brown cake. The cakes were speared out with a long two-tined fork and eaten hot with apparent relish by the waiting family. A cup of thick chocolate completed the Filipino breakfast.

We drove home, laden with baskets, fruits, live chickens, and cloth of rainbow tints. Our bungalows looked inviting by comparison with the life of the market and filled us with content; for in this world it is comparison which determines our standards.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

June, 1909.

We are rejoicing in the possession of a guest-room. It is only a corner of the main room, shut off with thin

lumber, with matting for a ceiling; but we are vastly proud of our achievement.

Furnishing the room of the sometime guest ten thousand miles from home is a real problem. We had no guest-room furniture; it has gradually evolved.

Mrs. G——, coming in, found me gazing disconsolately at the bare, dark place, and suggested the practical work of washing the rafters with the hose as "first aid" to the room. And that is one nice thing about housekeeping in the tropics—when you want to clean house, you have the boys take all the furniture outdoors, and then turn on the hose. It is all over in a few moments, and when it is dry, back go the household goods. A vigorous washing with the hose did away with the insects in the guest-room to be and even dislodged a nice fat chicken that was roosting up in a corner.

We covered the floor with green and white mats, which were nailed also over the rough black boards of the outside wall. The large open spaces leading to the porch are draped with an effective cotton crepe, woven in broad green-and-white stripes, a bolt of which was purchased from an Indian peddler. The house-boy was despatched to the foot-hills for bamboo—long, round poles, which hold the curtains at the top and bottom of the window-spaces. A dressing-table and wash-stand, made from two new pine tables, are covered with the same green and white crepe. Over the dressing-table is a mirror in a white frame, and a wash-stand set of Chinese ware from Canton, with all the lovely bowls and jars, is a real

treasure. I found it in a little Chinese shop in one of the near-by towns.

In an Army chest, once packed and sent to Cuba, was a bolt of white netting, and of this we made a cover for the new white iron bed. Willow chairs, made in Hong-Kong, were added; and, really, the room looks very livable. We dropped tacks and hammers, and surveyed our work with pride, when Ah Yan, our Chinese cook, appeared, saying, "Missy have tea?"

Ah Yan had pulled into the shade on the side porch two long steamer chairs, and a low table near by held the Japanese tray, a plate of frosted cakes, and a silver pitcher of iced fruit-punch. He asks, "Missy like tea welly stout or welly thin?" This is "stout" tea, with much fruit and mint.

Ah Yan is as solemn and immovable as a bronze image, and Mrs. G——, who admires him, whispered, "Isn't he a picture?" And he is indeed immaculate in a green linen coat, white trousers, and white linen cap. He added a dish of iced mangoes to our repast, and noiselessly disappeared. He disapproves of "Missy" and "fliend" working, hence tea served by himself. One "loses face" if he works before Oriental servants.

The first guest to christen the new room was General C——. The servants were much elated at our entertaining so *mucho grande* a person, as they love company, and all the panoply of war is as the breath of their nostrils. The firing of the big gun in salute, announcing the arrival of the General in camp, and the escort of a troop of cavalry in front of the wagon which brought the

Children of Officers, Camp S, with Nurses
New Cement Walk, Camp G, Philippines

Officers' Line, Camp G, Philippines
Natives, Showing Use of Poisoned Arrows

guest, added to their joy. The house-boy, in his stiffest white suit, stood on the walk to carry the hand-baggage, and when an orderly took the General's satchel, the boy almost wept with disappointment. The Filipino adores dignity, display, and grandeur. The Spaniards were, no doubt, overbearing, but they were never cheap, and they have left their mark on the minds of the natives.

Ah Yan, too, enjoyed General C——'s visit, and no amount of extra work seemed to dull the edge of his satisfaction. When he first came we were being entertained, and Ah Yan was unhappy. He came to me, looking like a hired mourner at a funeral, and said: "Missy no likee me? Me no good cook?"

I hastened to assure him that I was pleased, but he was unconvinced. "You no catchee somebody to eat allee samee," he told me. The trouble was that we had done no entertaining. I explained in my best pigeon English that soon we "catchee" everybody.

We had a reception for the General, and I used the long porch as a reception-room, with rugs and chairs on the lawn. Even an ordinary-looking man is stunning in the white uniform, with white cap and shoes, and carrying side-arms, and I must say our well-set-up military men looked imposing as they marched up the walk together to be presented.

Early next morning all of the ladies drove over to the drill-ground to watch the regiment pass in review. It is a thrilling sight—band playing, flags flying, and men and horses moving together in perfect time. The

horses seem to enter into the spirit of martial music as readily as the men.

Our next guest was Bishop B——. We tried to impress upon our glory-loving servants that the "*padre*" was also *mucho grande*, and that everything should be of the best for him; but they were evidently disappointed that there was no blowing of trumpets or firing of guns. We had a dinner-party for the Bishop, and the band played a sacred concert, as it was Sunday. Later we drove to the chapel for evening service.

The chapel is a roughly built annex to the hospital, originally intended as an officers' ward, but another room was found better suited to the purpose. During the week this room is used as a school for the children part of the day and for the enlisted men the other part. Sunday-school is held here at 8 o'clock, and a Sunday evening song-service for the men. At one end of the room is the library (if a collection of worn-out books can be dignified by that name), and at the other a small traveling organ, the property of the regiment. The school desks and chairs (uncomfortable little things that tip alarmingly unless one sits very still) are used for church. An altar and reading-desk are made from pine tables, covered with fine white linen. Tall brass candlesticks stand upon the altar and a vase of pale yellow lilies.

The Bishop brought a communion-service for our use. He looked very impressive in his dark purple silk robes.

Candles flickered, throwing leaping shadows on rafters and beams; lamps smoked and flared, and a soldier quietly turned them down; grasshoppers, long and vil-

lainous looking, jumped on our dresses; "chow-bugs" flopped noisily against the lamp chimneys and dropped with a thud on the floor, over which crawled cockroaches and ants; a band of Negritos from the mountains pattered softly across the porch and gazed curiously through the open doorway; but no one looked away from the Bishop, whose sermon filled our homesick hearts and inspired us to new courage in facing our duty in this alien land.

If anyone feels his love of country growing faint within him let him come to the other side of the world and listen to a roomful of soldiers singing "My country, 'tis of thee."

We had early communion next morning. A shower had spangled the vines, every bush was full of blossoms, and the rain-tree was a sparkle of wet diamonds. Mount Arayat was crystal-pink, with a trailing underskirt of soft clouds.

To-day is field-day in camp—a great day for the enlisted men, as they are to have athletic sports, and have spent all their spare time getting their horses and themselves in training. Prizes are given by the officers to the winners of each event. Toward evening there will also be a polo game, played by the young officers.

This morning the Bishop went to the field in the Army wagon with a number of the ladies, but he was too much interested in the sport and the men to stay with us, and, jumping out, was soon in the thick of the crowd of men.

At the field a Negrito offered to sell us a snake skin five feet long and a large bow and arrow. He had on a

red shirt and a straw hat, which he touched in salute, and said, "Hello!"

The insects increase with the heat. The worst of all the pests, I think, are the flying ants. They are so tiny that they get in hair, eyes, ears, and crawl up short sleeves and down one's neck, but we are learning to sit calmly and let them crawl. A hand electric light is an undying joy. At night one can throw a searchlight over and under the bed to see what's doing in the rat, snake, or bug line.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

June, 1909.

We do all our shopping at our own front doors, where Indian, Chinese, Japanese or Filipino peddlers, carrying their goods in baskets and hampers, display their wares. Every month they come and cover our porches with embroideries, carved ivories, brasses, sandalwood, and gorgeous silks.

An Indian peddler came to-day. He is a tall, dark man, bearded like a stage pirate, dressed in white, and wearing a turban. He holds out a beaded scarf or a piece of delicately carved ivory, saying in soft tones: "Lady, you much money. Me poor Indian. You buy?" With the Indian come strong-limbed coolies, who trot along, carrying the straw hampers, filled with goods, slung on long poles.

The peddlers always set a high price, expecting to

Returning from the River, Camp G, Philippines
Air Plants (Orchids) for Sale

Negritos Bringing Air Plants to Sell, Philippines
Wild Men of the Philippines

bargain for hours. After strenuous bargaining, as I supposed, I parted with gold, and became the proud owner of a heavily embroidered tablecloth; but my neighbor laughed and told me I would learn—that I had paid too much for it.

Our Chinese peddler has a cheerful soul. He comes lightly up the steps of the porch, carrying a basket on his head. He wears a long, dark blue linen gown and black cloth trousers, soft, white-soled shoes, and no head-covering but his queue. He smiles and smiles. "Good day. You look-see?" And the surrounding space is promptly littered with mandarin coats of brilliant hues, linens of many colors by the bolt, silks, pongees from Chi-fu ("allee samee ploper silk from China"), luncheon sets embroidered with dragons, birds, flowers, and bamboo, exquisite and very cheap.

The Japanese carries a basket on his back. He is dark, alert, and silent. Kimonos of silk or cotton crepe in soft colors make rainbows over the chairs where he spreads them. Among his wares there are fans, lanterns, boxes, and trays.

A Filipino woman in native dress (a bright pink skirt with a little train, white underwaist, and a yellow-and-pink-checked overwaist of thin *piña* cloth), her thick, fine hair coiled low on her neck and pinned with coral pins, and hoop ear-rings of pearls in her small, well-shaped ears, carries her stock in a square of white linen. It consists of laces and embroideries, waists and dresses, made by a girl who has only one eye. The brown woman

has a low voice, that "excellent thing in woman," and the money flies out of our pockets.

The old Filipino hat and cane merchant is great fun. He is dressed in white cotton and wears a marvel of a hat. Under one arm is a bunch of canes and under the other a handkerchief bundle of hats. These hats are as soft as silk and as shiny as satin. They are woven double for coolness, and are quite the equal of the renowned Panamas. Native fiber is used—that of palm, split bamboo, banana, or grass—and the hats must be woven under water to insure the coolness of the weaver's fingers and to keep the strands pliable during the weaving. In several provinces nearly all the inhabitants are hat-weavers and have been for generations. There are "Rizal," "Baliuag," and "Lucban" hats.

The hat-man speaks a dialect and a little book-Spanish, and is so amusing that he makes easy sales. He has an inimitable manner, and helps out his conversation with much gesture and waving of his expressive hands. He is "very poor *hombre*"; he "work *mucho*"; and his pickaninnies—well, he began with ten, but with every visit to camp (and these occur every two months or so) the number of his progeny increases at an alarming rate, and he now declares himself the parent of nineteen.

"No got rice," he mourns, with a shrug of his thin old shoulders and palms held up and out. We bargain back and forth over the pile of hats and canes until I take to whining, too, and am tempted to declare to no rice and a few pickaninnies of my own.

The man who sells mats, baskets, and native bamboo

furniture completes the shopping facilities at our doors. For anything else we must go to Manila.

The *Tosu Maru*, from Seattle, is in port, and we are rejoicing in the home letters, written in March (it is late June now), which "put us on the map" once more. All day long I have been fairly glued to the porch watching the little *nipa* shack marked "Post-Office." The sacred cows of India are found in these islands, but they do not compare for sacredness with the old Army mule that brings the mail from home about the camp the day it arrives. The island mail is brought to our doors by an orderly afoot.

How anxiously and eagerly we watch the progress of the old black-and-tan mule, hitched to a two-wheeled cart, covered with blue canvas and bearing the magic words, "U. S. Mail"! A soldier walks beside the cart, diving into it as he reaches each set of quarters, and running across the lawns to give into eager hands the precious bundle tied with rope. The mule stops, turning a haughty face, as though he knows that twice a month at least he is watched and waited for, and is "as one set apart."

Last night we dined with our Kentucky friends. Dear old Mme. X——! She spoils her servants dreadfully, and upsets discipline by feeding the prisoners working at her back door and giving them papers to read; but no one would wish it otherwise. There are so few white-haired fathers and mothers from the States here in these islands.

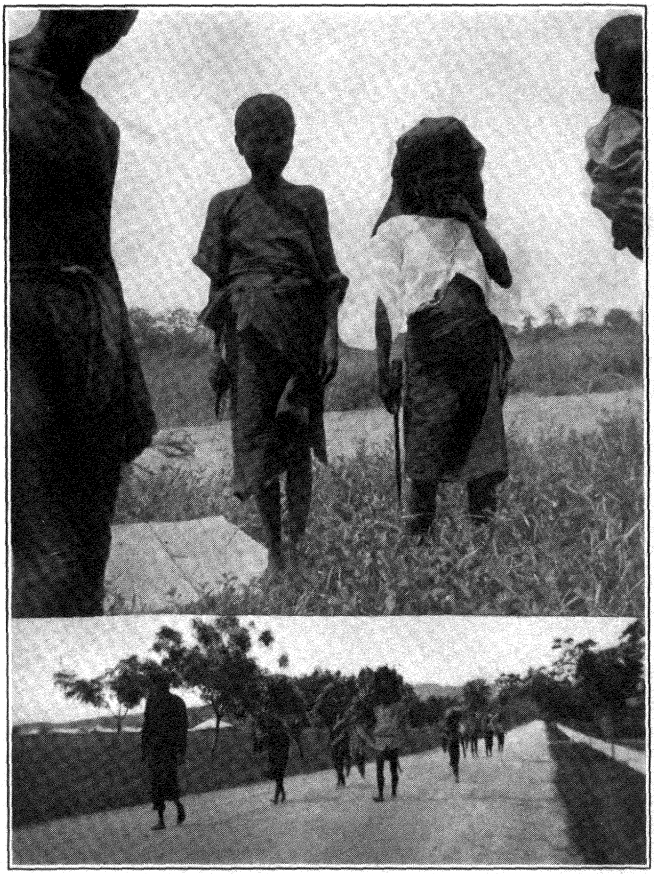
After dinner we sat on the porch in the white moon-

light, talking softly. The men smoked, and Madame nodded her pretty white head, all smiles, over the jests. Presently faithful Lucindy appeared with a light wrap for "Ole Miss," and we said "Good night," and walked home across the parade-ground, still under the spell of her serene old age.

The Milky Way was a white half-circle across the sky, and the Southern Cross just a point of light behind the mountains. It was long after "taps." A night bird called shrilly from a near-by thicket; scents of fruit and flowers drifted on the faint breeze. We felt lonely and exiled.

A mounted sentinel rode by, challenging us, "Who goes there?" and over by the store-house we heard another calling, "Twelve o'clock and all's well."

From the banana-grove in the foot-hills came the faint echo, "All's well."



Negrito Family Selling Ferns, Camp G, Philippines

Road Through the Bamboo, Philippines

VI.

DINNERS AND DELUGES.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

July, 1909.

It is the first day the sun has shone upon us for weeks, and we have emptied trunks and chests to put their contents out to dry. The yard and porches are filled with clothing that is green and white with mold. Everything leather is dreadfully mildewed, although all the trunks and other receptacles have been set on wooden frames high above the floor and against inside walls. We have them upside down in the yard while the sun is shining.

Every morning the "boy" takes out a shelfful of shoes which are green with mold, and wipes them clean with oil, repeating the process daily. At night we put the clothes we expect to wear next day under rain-coats to keep some of the moisture out. Damp clothing is so sticky and uncomfortable!

Everything was drying gloriously out in the yard when down came the rain! The whole household flew to the rescue—Ah Yan with pig-tail flying and yellow slippers flopping, Decio with bare feet *spitty-spat.* For the

rest of the day we all worked at replacing the clothing in trunks and chests.

The lovely fire-tree in our yard is about to blossom. The blossoming of the fire-tee is the signal for the head-hunters to start out for their gruesome trophies. No head-hunter can hope to win a bride until he brings her at least one head as evidence of his prowess. A novel love-gift, is it not? Fortunately, these gory savages are not enamored of any old head, but take only those of their tribal enemies; so foreigners feel somewhat secure. The Government, however, usually calls in the map-makers from the wild districts at this time.

Down in Moroland, where the pirates are giving much trouble, they have a playful way of stealing into the villages by night and under the *nipa* shacks, where they thrust their poisoned spears up through the floors and impale their victims while they sleep. Some of the Army ladies have felt nervous since they learned of this method of warfare, and keep their trunks and heavy clothes-chests under the beds.

Speaking of beds, the guest who last occupied our green-and-white room would have slept but ill if he had seen the enormous black spider, bearing a large white egg on her back, that sat upon one of the pillows to-day. When I saw her spidership my war-cry would have turned a Filipino bolo-man green with envy. Kitty soon had the unwelcome guest in her sharp little claws.

It is raining again! Such a noise on the tin roof that we cannot make ourselves heard without screaming; and

as there is no news worth screaming over, we play dummy bridge.

The house is pervaded with the odor of lime and carbolic acid, for cholera is with us. It is a mile away, but all the servants who come from the infected district are quarantined, and guards are posted to keep the Filipinos out of camp and the gay soldiers in. The natives try to conceal the existence of contagious diseases, and sometimes bury the victims before they are dead. Printed orders and sanitary regulations are posted everywhere about the camp and are nailed on the porch and the kitchen wall. We read them to our assembled servants, who regarded the performance with tolerant indulgence as another kind of house ceremony peculiarly American.

The natives believe a black dog runs through the streets bringing cholera. It is the will of God, they say, and take no precautions.

Because of the cholera, we have to eat tinned or bottled foods, and even the eggs we buy here are put into jars of lime-water before using. We miss the fresh fruit and vegetables, of course, and grow tired of eating and drinking everything boiling hot.

Everything must be scrubbed, boiled, and disinfected; and we have learned the meaning of the term "eternal vigilance" out here in the *bosque* as we never knew it before. An officer must inspect villages, barracks, yards, and even slop-cans to see that the sanitary regulations are carried out, and go daily upon this errand on horseback. This rigorous treatment is death to germs, and it will be a brave cholera microbe that invades this camp.

My nerves are very well, thank you. When I can sit still in church, feeling a huge bug crawling up on my arm, and can extract a green beetle from under my collar without an outcry, and preserving a churchly attitude the while, it is evident that my nerves are no more of the American variety. Even taking the electric light to bed is losing its novelty.

Up in Baguio, the summer capital of Luzon Island, is a small Protestant church. It is remarkable chiefly for the Igorrote boy who, during service, passes the offertory-plate, dressed in a short, white cotton coat, American shirt, high collar, and four-in-hand tie, with a broad green-and-yellow sash, called a *sarong*, fastened about his waist, the ends falling in front, but with no trousers or covering for his brown legs. He is rather a surprising sight. The Igorrote people are larger and better-looking than most of the Filipinos.

The day's mail has brought us leave to go to China and Japan, also permits from our embassy in Tokio to visit certain castles, palaces, gardens, and a fort. The passports are thick, yellow paper, over which a hen has inadvertently strayed with inky feet, the seal of the embassy at one corner. I wonder which chicken-track means our names?

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

July, 1909.

We have had a marriage in camp, celebrated at 8 o'clock in the morning, so that the "happy pair" could

reach Manila in time to sail on an afternoon boat for China.

The chapel was decorated with green and white, and all the ladies wore their prettiest thin dresses When the wagonette was sent down the line to gather up the guests, consternation reigned, for the first lady appeared *with a hat on*, and hats, you must know, are decided "back numbers" here, as most of us have not seen a millinery shop for two years, and this climate destroys feathers, silks, and flowers. As she spied that bonnet, every woman flew back into her house to hunt a hat that would do; and as those of us who are blessed with two or more loaned them to the hatless, we all finally arrived quite formally attired, which, it was whispered, would be expected, as the mother of the groom had come from the States for the wedding. But, as luck would have it, the lady from home was the only one who did *not* wear a hat, for the thoughtful bride, knowing the deplorable state of our head-gear, had suggested that the visitor dispense with her bonnet.

The bride wore an embroidered *crêpe de Chine* dress, made in Yokohama, and the groom his white linen uniform. They were an attractive pair. The bishop came from Manila to perform the ceremony.

Breakfast was served at small tables on the porch of the bride's home; and of course she cut the cake with her husband's saber—the first cutting that new saber had done, I think. Much merriment was caused by the inscription, "Q. M. D." (Quartermaster's Department), with which the Chinese cook had ornamented the cake.

No doubt he thought it the family coat-of-arms. It looked like a wireless call.

The gifts were unusual and characteristic of this part of the world: silver, lacquer, crépes, fans, and lanterns from Japan, fine *jusi* and *piña* cloth from the Philippines, lace-like embroideries, mats and furniture, mandarin coats, camphorwood chests, carved ivory boxes, and sandalwood from China, and beautiful rugs, draperies, gauze, and ebony carvings from India.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

July, 1909.

We are in the midst of the rainy season, and this means not polite little showers, but great cloud-bursts of water—night and day a steady downpour of rain, that is said to last six months. Cheerful prospect, isn't it? A tin spout has been put over the front steps to catch the stream of water descending from the roof and turn it aside, so that we may go up and down without being deluged.

We shut a few of the barn-like doors and use candles at luncheon in the middle of the day. With our two precious glass windows we can see, but not to read or write without lamps. The house smells like a tomb.

Oil stoves dry the bedding and clothing, as there are no fireplaces or stoves, except the kitchen range. The laundress has stretched a rope about three sides of the porch and this is filled with dripping clothes. I feel

as though we were running a Chinese laundry; all that we need is a sign, "Hop Lee," to convert us into the real thing.

Outside the thermometer registers only 80°, but inside we sit shivering about the oil stoves in the vain hope of keeping warm. And the rain descends upon the just and the unjust.

Decio is laid by with a felon on his finger, and we wasted no time in sending him to the hospital, remembering the luck of our neighbors, whose boy was ailing, and the surgeon pronounced it leprosy. The poor boy had to go to the leper island; and, although the entire house was fumigated and some of the things were burned, it made everyone nervous for a time.

"Boy's" brother is here in his place until he recovers. He stalks stolidly about in shirt-tail, short drawers, and bare feet, smoking enormous cigarettes. He speaks not a word, and looks an *Insurrecto* of the deepest dye. All the other relatives of the sick boy have appeared also, as if they had dropped from the sky, and are now sitting on their heels in the servants' room, smoking and waiting for "chow." Ah Yan, who is economical to the verge of stinginess, fairly writhes with disgust at having to feed so much good rice to natives. He cooks just enough for the exact number of persons at our table, and always asks, "How many mouths?" An unexpected guest would fare badly. Once we asked for more coffee after dinner. "Boy" appeared, looking very solemn, and announced, "No got." Ah Yan had provided just two small cups of delicious, freshly made coffee, and no more.

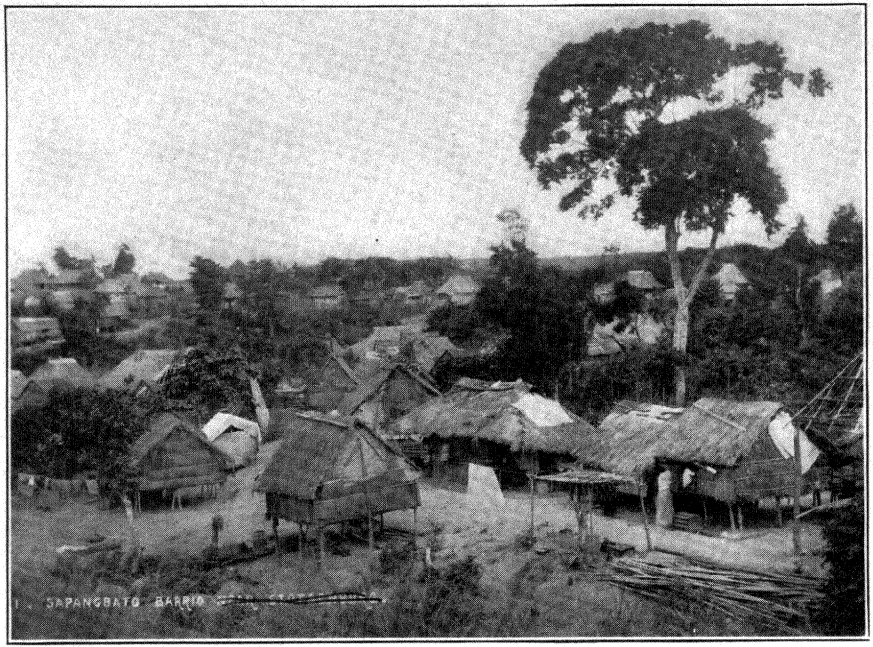
Mangoes are expensive now, but can be had by paying the price. I told Ah Yan several times to buy them, but he always made a point of forgetting, and when at last I insisted, his countenance took on an expression of deep disapproval. "Much expenz, Señora." This morning he came to me for quinine (everyone has malaria here), and I gave him four large capsules. Just now he deposited with care upon my desk the empty shells, saying: "I eat him. Here's dish." When I made him understand that the capsules might be "eaten" also, he quickly chewed them, remarking, "Little jelly make well." Chinese English is so droll.

Ah Yan and I have a soul-racking time ordering groceries, but I am gradually becoming used to the intricacies of his vocabulary, and when he tells me "hot cakes," I write down "maple syrup" with alacrity. "Allee samee little ones" are currants, "big ones" being raisins. "Allee samee crabs" are shrimps. It is still somewhat of an ordeal for both of us, however. Ah Yan's Buddha countenance twists and his eyes roll despairingly at the difficulties of making me understand the wants of our culinary department.

Decio says "sir" for "madam" and "no" for "yes," which, to the uninitiated, is somewhat confusing. After my experience here, I should have no difficulty in conversing with the monkeys of the jungle.

The commanding officer has an orderly, detailed from the soldiers, who stays certain hours on duty to run errands and carry messages. This important person is selected from the new guard every morning, the soldiers

U. S. Soldiers "On the Hike" in the Philippines



Little Barrio, Near Camp G, Philippines

vying to be chosen, for in this hot climate the orderly may sit in the shade of the bamboo-tree or on the cool porch, awaiting errands. As every word can be heard from the front to the back of these flimsy bungalows, we regulate our conversation for the ears of this functionary. The soldier who is the most spick and span as regards clothing and equipments is selected. Last week a rather pale-faced orderly reported. He coughed with a hollow, grave-yard sound, which distressed me so much that I asked the Colonel to send him to his quarters, fearing that the rain was making him ill. Next morning a husky orderly appeared, who also coughed long and lustily. I suspected tuberculosis, and begged for him to be sent back also. The following morning another giant arrived, also afflicted with a cough—worse, if anything, than his predecessors'. The Colonel shook his head and smiled. "The game is played out," he said; and when he failed to send the cougher back to quarters, the epidemic subsided.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

July, 1909.

We awakened this morning to brilliant sunshine, and are dried and warmed throughout the house. The flowers have opened to fresh beauty, and the leaves of the rain-tree, which have been tightly closed, are unfolded wide. Great bumble-bees, nearly as large as humming-birds, fly in and out among the porch vines,

buzzing like saw-mills. A wave of heliotrope blossoms envelops the front of the house, and one vine has ventured out on the telephone wire to a pole across the road and loaded it with pink flowers.

We have planted twelve Hawaiian papaya-trees, and in six months whoever lives here can lean over the porch railing and pick papayas for breakfast. All the officers are planting vines, flowers, and fruits for the incoming regiment, who will be here this winter to relieve this regiment and let us all go home.

Every Tuesday night the officers' club is open to ladies to dance, play cards, and read, and we have our parties and receptions there. The club-house is a long, one-story frame building, the roof sloping down over the porch, with wide eaves. A mass of vines covers the front of the house, in which round holes are cut to admit light and air. Willow tables and chairs are grouped about the porch, which is lighted by Chinese lanterns. Inside is a large dancing-hall, a supper- and card-room, and another small room, which is used as a library for the officers.

On ladies' nights those who are not dancing sit on the porch watch the stars, and listen to the music from the dancing-room. Lucindy, who is the only colored person from the States in camp, and therefore a privileged character, comes slowly down the walk with a wrap for Mme. X——. She always carries a palm-leaf fan and a green cotton umbrella, so as to be ready for any "submergency," she says. A young lieutenant from Georgia gives Lucindy a chair near the porch, where she

can watch the dancing and hear the band, which she dearly loves. The light falls across the kind black face, and when "My Old Kentucky Home" floats out in homesick melody, the tears fall fast into the green umbrella top.

A Sunday paper from home covers my desk and beckons to my lounging-chair. Papers are precious here and, though of ancient date, are eagerly read and passed around.

Gloom has settled on the camp to-day, for news has just been telegraphed of a terrible fight between our troops and Moro outlaws in Jolo. Many soldiers have been wounded with the deadly *bolo;* one young officer may die and another is dreadfully wounded. The outlaws sprang out of caves and fell upon our troops. Bullets could not stop them.

A delightful bachelor officer at the post, neither young nor old, has a Philippine carriage and a span of ponies, driven by a native coachman, who is inordinately vain of his brand-new livery and top-boots. The Captain takes all of the ladies driving in turn, and lately was showing the camp to a visiting young girl, when from the proverbial cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," rain descended. The driver, in an agony of concern for his cherished livery, leaped from the box and divested himself of coat, hat, and boots. Trousers were about to follow suit, when the astonished Captain intervened. He confided to us that 'twas ever thus; some untoward happening always prevented him from winning a lovely maiden.

After the whole earth hereabout had been disinfected

as a precautionary measure, the cholera epidemic is over and the scare is subsiding. One man, a native, died on this reservation; and the doctor who had charge of the five cases recently reported in the nearest town, upon being asked how his patients were doing, replied cheerfully, "All dead."

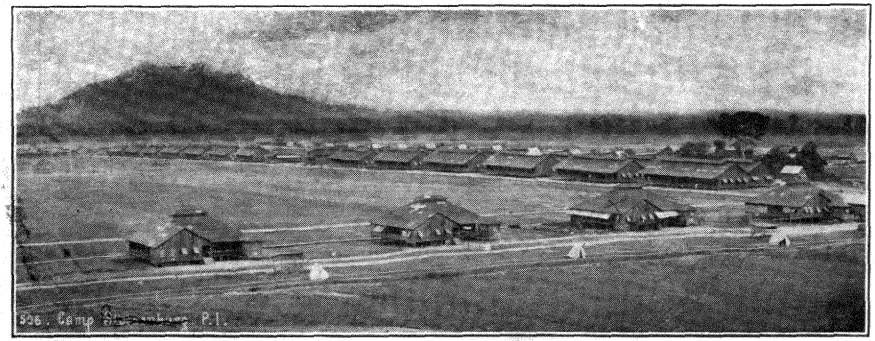
This constant battle against cholera, leprosy, and the plague, not to mention dysentery, malaria, and the horrible skin diseases, gets on the nerves; but at least, together with spiders and scorpions, earthquakes and typhoons, they leave us no excuse for being dull.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

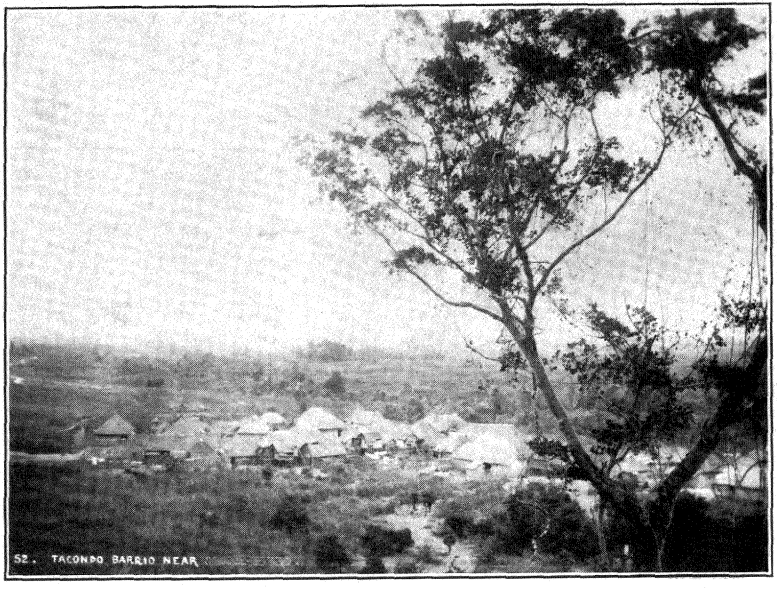
August, 1909.

A Negrito has sold to me for 10 cents a most beautiful and unusual air-plant. It has a fern growing from the center and a mass of large pale yellow blossoms that look like faces. Out on the porch the new plant waves, a lovely harmony of greens and pinky yellows.

This morning it grew suddenly dark, as though a storm were coming up, and a cloud of locusts came down on us from the mountains. There were millions of them, sailing in a body of almost military formation, down over the roofs of our houses, across the parade-ground, and on to the Filipino town four miles away—that is, all that were not caught by the natives here. At the first approach of the cloud, the natives from every part of the camp, carrying long poles with netting bags on the ends,



Camp Scene, Philippines



A Scene from Our Back Porch

went out to catch the locusts, which they consider a table delicacy. They are eaten raw, cooked in vinegar, or preserved in honey. It makes one think of the Bible account of John eating locusts and wild honey in the wilderness. Our neighbor went into her kitchen and discovered a pot of them stewing on the stove; naturally, she felt anxious at dinner that there should be no careless exchange of "chow."

A young officer here declares he had to eat locusts once at a native *fiesta*, as he did not wish to offend his Filipino host by declining. A detachment of soldiers were out with wagons when the locusts arrived; the wagon-wheels crushed them inches deep, and they hit the men, in a dense cloud, full in their faces, which must have been rather trying, as some of the locusts are four inches long.

The Governor-general and certain high Army officials from Manila have been here on a visit. Some of these favorites of fortune live in charming palaces, have their yachts, and summer palaces up in Baguio. They work in large, cool buildings, and when they become enervated, run over to Japan or China for a change of air. But don't think for a moment that the average Army man is of these, or that life or work means the same for the officers and men who are stationed in the jungle, or for those not high in civil authority. We who live in such camps as this know the meaning of life in a tropic wilderness, and the value of the daily victory we must achieve to keep our homes habitable and our households in health. It is a never-ending battle against heat, damp, typhoons, earthquakes, vermin, and disease. But do not think,

either, that there are no compensations in this sometimes difficult life we lead. My doll did leak sawdust, I know, when we first tried to make a home here; but time and custom help to smooth out the wrinkles, and we are really enjoying some of the Oriental customs. We have a friendly Army folk to know, stirring martial music to hear, rainbows every day, and a pink moon at night; and last night, after a shower, the full moon shone gloriously and we had a perfect moon-bow—a lovely colored arch, which spanned the sky. We live virtually in the open, and are on intimate terms with sun, moon, stars, clouds, and rain. They are wholesome companions, and association with them helps the soul to find its wings.

We have organized a reading club, which meets at the house of each member in turn. One of the ladies reads, the book being chosen by vote. A cooling beverage is served, but no other refreshments. One of the husbands innocently, but effectively, broke up the last meeting by sending the Indian peddler to the house where the reading club was in full swing. We all adjourned to the front steps, where so many customers at once was at first pleasing to the peddler, until we all began asking prices at the same time, when he threw up his hands in despair, saying, "Ladies, you many; I one poor Indian." So we went to our houses and purchased separately. Three ebony elephants adorn my desk, and an embroidered strip of elephant cloth makes a gay frieze about the room.

This week a troop of little English girls from Australia gave a "Lilliputian Show" in a room of the exchange building, much to the delight of the soldiers. Afterward

the ladies entertained the performers with a dance and plenty of ice cream and cakes; they enjoyed it, and were very nice in their thanks. The same day a missionary and his wife paid a visit to camp.

Life in an Army camp is like the Last Day, in that "nothing shall be hid." We dined out last night, and this morning our house-boy, who a few months ago came out of the rice-fields with only one garment (a native shirt), remarked loftily: "No. 5 Boy he wear no coat? He wait on Señora at dinner-party in a shirt?" This with the superior air of one who owns and wears a coat.

In the mornings the "boys" sometimes work in *piña* or *jusi* gauze shirts, pale pinks, yellows, and blues preferred, with printed flowers in reds or purples. The native fabrics are very pretty. Banana-fiber cloth is made from the one-year plants. The stalk is unrolled and steamed over boiling water; the green outer skin is then removed by passing the stalks through blunt knives, which act as scrapers; the fiber is then placed in a cloth to remove the moisture, and afterwards cleaned and twisted into yarn for weaving. The cloth which is made from the banana fiber is excellent for tropical wear. Thousands of women weave in their homes on small wooden looms, which have not varied in model for three hundred years. It takes a Filipino woman six weeks to weave one pattern of fine cloth.

The Colonel is studying Japanese, and boasts that he can say all that is really necessary to insure our comfort in traveling when we reach that country. Thus far it is,

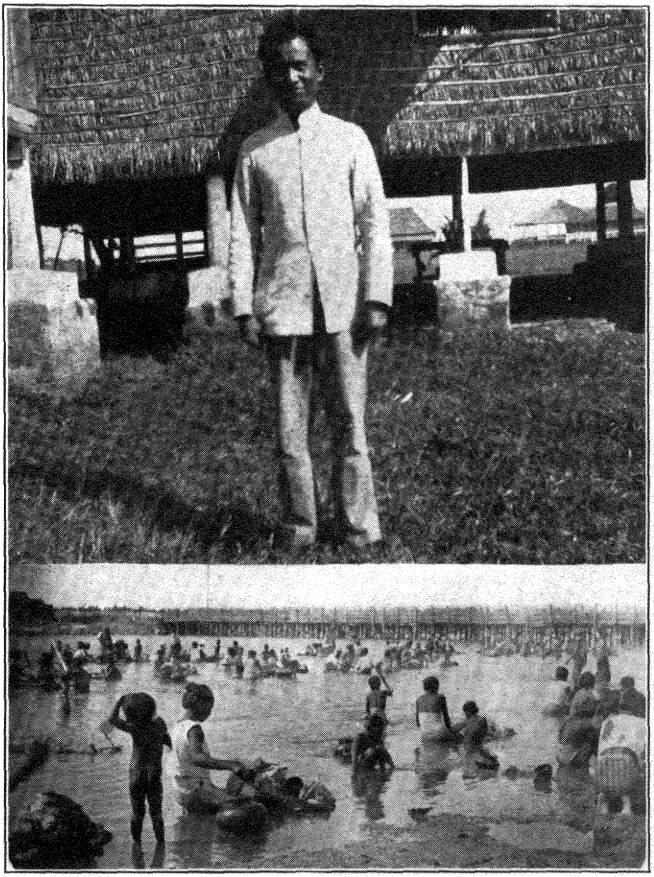
"Honorable inside is empty." Which only goes to prove that men, like armies, "travel on their stomachs."

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

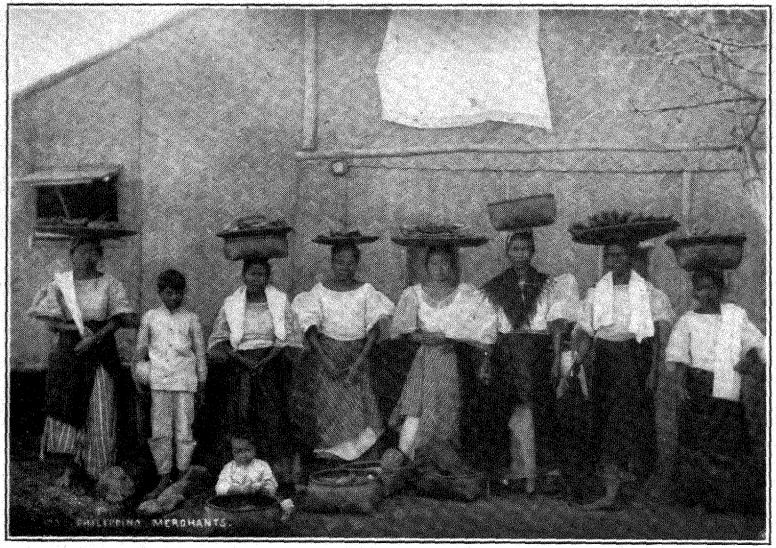
August, 1909.

Here is the daily routine, as lived in this house: The Colonel has his breakfast at 5 o'clock, going to drill at 6. "Boy" brings a tray with coffee and fruit to me at 6:30; shower-bath in the porch bath-room; dress and inspect the plants; cut roses from the only bush; fill the bowls with fresh flowers, which Decio brings in on a tray; write letters, read, or sew until 1 P. M.

The Colonel comes in from drill at 10:30, looking as though he had been ducked in the river. All his clothing goes into the wash, and a fresh suit is donned to go to the office at 11 o'clock. He comes back at 1 o'clock; we have luncheon, and talk over the morning's news—of which there isn't any; go to our rooms for the *siesta*, which is a necessity in the tropics; another shower-bath; and dress for dinner, which is the event of the day. All the officers wear white linen uniforms in the evening; and you will readily understand why two women wash and iron six days of the week. We then walk down to the club; chat with our friends; home to dinner after the darkness falls; afterward we make calls or sit on the porch listening to the band concert, which is played every evening. If it rains, we play bridge until bed-time; and so the time passes.



House Boy, Philippines
Bathing Beach



Our Market Women, Who Sold Us Fruits and Vegetables at the Door

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

September, 1909.

What I feared has come upon me: after all these months of looking for snakes, one has really appeared and frightened me almost into fits. This morning while the Colonel was at drill I went into the little matting room to take a shower, which is the only comfortable kind of bath in the tropics. Behind the door, in a tight coil, was a *snake*—a big, horrible snake. With a shriek, I dashed into the porch room, with *kimono* flying and slippers flopping on my speeding feet. There was not a white man to summon, and it is useless to appeal to Orientals—they are entirely indifferent to a woman's fear—so I decided to wait until the Colonel came home from drill, and hoped the snake would wait for him also. Hastily finishing dressing, I walked the porch in an agony of apprehension until the orderly appeared to take the horses back to the stables. At the same moment the Colonel rode up. The orderly tossed his reins to the house-boy, and, catching up an axe which he found in the yard, started for the house, followed by the Colonel, with his saber. They soon returned with the snake, limp and dead. It had eaten several lizards, they said, and would not have moved very quickly, being full of "chow," while I, who had not indulged in lizards, broke a world's speed record, I have no doubt.

When the orderly galloped away with the horses, Pedro regarded the dead snake with regretful surprise.

"But, Señora," he protested, "him very good snake. He eat rats, and sleep up above the Señora's room." Then *that* is the noise the Colonel always assures me is lizards!

I long to rush over to my neighbor's and tell her, but, as she is afraid of snakes too, I have decided to keep the experience a secret, although it seems to me very noble to refrain from telling so thrilling a tale. It would be cruel to stir up all the Army ladies to renewed terror, when they may not see a snake while they are here, so I will hold my tongue. But I shall double my watch for unwelcome visitors, as you may believe.

Two ladies from Spain are visiting the post and I gave a luncheon for them. It poured rain, but the house was pretty, with trailing vines and orchids and the lamps and candles lighted. One of my guests was an Army bride, who is very discontened and unwilling to try to endure the hardships of the life out here. We are all homesick; but, as a rule, our women are loyal and brave—"game," the men call it. We listened to a never-ending tale of woe from the bride, until one of the ladies said, thoughtfully: "We all miss our homes and dear ones, of course, but we see how great the need for homes is out here, to help our husbands and show that we too can do something for our country." While my friend was speaking, I looked at the portrait over my desk of a gentle lady who molded bullets from spoons in 1776, and thought that her spirit still lived and was "quick and potent still."

Last night we dined with a young officer and his bride.

The usual long-tailed rats made merry in the rafters, while a nest of white ants which flourishes under the house crawled over the floor, despite the copious baths of coal-oil and boiling water with which the boards are treated. They soon took possession of us; and a little cat, which was frightened by the antics of the rats, jumped into our laps for protection—what you might call an "animalated" scene. The usual deluge descended, and the house, which is the least habitable in the post, fairly tipped from side to side in the wind. But I cannot quarrel with the dear rain. We have had a week of hot, dry weather and skies of burning brass, and it tempers the sunshine and makes it endurable.

Here is Ah Yan to light the candles. No cooling breeze comes with the early night, for the wind dies after sunset. In the west is a great glow of gold, such as one sees only in the tropics; suddenly the stars come out, and it is night. The servants patter in and out, lighting the lanterns; natives shuffle along the back road; and a wistful voice from next door (a little Filipino nurse) calls softly, "*Buenos noches, Decio.*" A soldier steps out of the guard-house, across the shadowy parade-ground, and, putting a trumpet to his lips, blows the soldiers' supper-call. The sharp, high notes of the bugle seem to say the words the soldiers have put to that call:

"Soup-ee, soup-ee, without any beans,
Coff-ee, coff-ee, without any cream,
Pork-ee, pork-ee, without a strip of lean."

ANNEX TO THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB,
MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

September, 1909.

Our "pleasure exertion" begins on Sunday, when we sail for Japan on the *Buford*, which is an old tub and rolls like a barrel. At camp our bungalow is stripped of hangings, mats, and curtains. Everything is packed, the house is closed, and pussy is staying with our neighbor, who loves cats, while we are away.

I am enjoying this splendid old building, which was built by the Spaniards centuries ago for a priest-house, and was once inhabited by the Franciscans. When the Americans took possession of Manila, the church rented it to the Army and Navy Club. Both the club and the church are across the street, which was once spanned by a bridge, connecting the priest-house with the church; that was removed, however, when the club rented the building.

There are many large rooms, and the stucco walls are streaked and stained. The ground-floor was originally a stable. Down in the open court is a stone watering-trough and an immense cistern, over which, from an arch, hangs a bell, which once called the good fathers to their prayers; now it is green with mold. The outside doors, which open on the Street of the Palace, are so heavy and thick it would take the fire of artillery or a battering-ram to break them in. All of the first-floor windows have iron gratings.

Our room is up a flight of stone stairs. It is narrow and bare, and contains two mahogany four-posters, which

are, if I may say so, infernal sleeping-machimes; the polished floor is no harder. Our shower-bath is a little room that was once an oratory.

At 5 o'clock this morning I leaned on the balcony railing and admired the soft colorings of these old walls—green, red, yellow, and gray, blended by time to a gentle harmony. Hundreds of sharp-billed birds twittered in the vines which drape the walls; over in the church a light burned before an altar; below, the street is so narrow that three people, with arms outstretched, could span the distance.

The front doors of the church across the street swing open; the crowd of morning worshipers swarm out to a crash of music; while I am gazing down into an old garden, surrounded by this great house—a garden that is trying to be American, but at heart is Filipino.

Adios until I write you from Lotus Land.

VII.

A HOLIDAY IN JAPAN.

ON BOARD S. S. ————,

September, 1909.

We are tied up at the pier on Mariveles Island, only four hours' sail from Manila, as the soldiers' baggage must be fumigated before we can go on to Japan.

This picturesque island has a tragic history. Over three hundred years ago, so the legend runs, a priest eloped with a beautiful Mexican girl, sailing away from Manila in an open boat, which was blown to this unfriendly shore. While her companion was seeking food and shelter, poor Marie Velez was killed by the savages who were at that time the only inhabitants. This unhappy event is commemorated in the name of the island. The priest, also, was soon murdered by the savages, and a near-by island is called for him "The Friar."

We walked through the town—a collection of *nipa* shacks, with the same type of inhabitants we have lived among in Luzon; and also visited the United States hospital, where we enjoyed the luxury of a salt-water bath.

To-morrow we sail for Japan with a clean bill of health.

SHIMONOSEKI, JAPAN,

September, 1909.

We were reckoned first-class sailors until we encountered a "beam sea" a few miles from Formosa, which laid all the passengers low. I can never look a can of Formosa tea calmly in the lid again. A typhoon rolled and pitched us into Nagasaki Bay in a downpour of rain. Hundreds of little *sampans* bobbed about our boat, and through the fog and rain we could see green hills, dotted with many graves and tiny houses and spaced with well-kept gardens.

Four Japanese officials, wearing European clothes many sizes too large for them, and spectacles, counted us over twice to be sure, and a launch flying the American flag came alongside and took us and our baggage ashore. Some of the Army folks preferred trying a *sampan* rowed by a Japanese woman, who wore a blue *kimono* and a blue-and-white towel tied about her head. A baby was strapped on her back, but it did not seem to interfere with business.

We walked the half block to the custom-house, followed by protesting rickshaw-men. A Japanese inspector asked politely if we smoked, and, finding no tobacco in our satchels, bowed us out with much ceremony

The first ride in a rickshaw was disappointing. I felt like a cross baby that had lost its rattle in an over-grown baby-buggy. We were suddenly dumped at the foot of a steep, paved hill to pick our way up the mossy stones to the hotel. At the top we followed a muddy path through

a tiny garden to a room where fifty or more people from all parts of the world were at *tiffin*. We had curry and rice, with several kinds of fish and fruit; but, as we are not yet educated to Japanese cooking, we left the table still hungry.

The hotel in Nagasaki is a comfortless place. Our room was small, and the bed very hard.

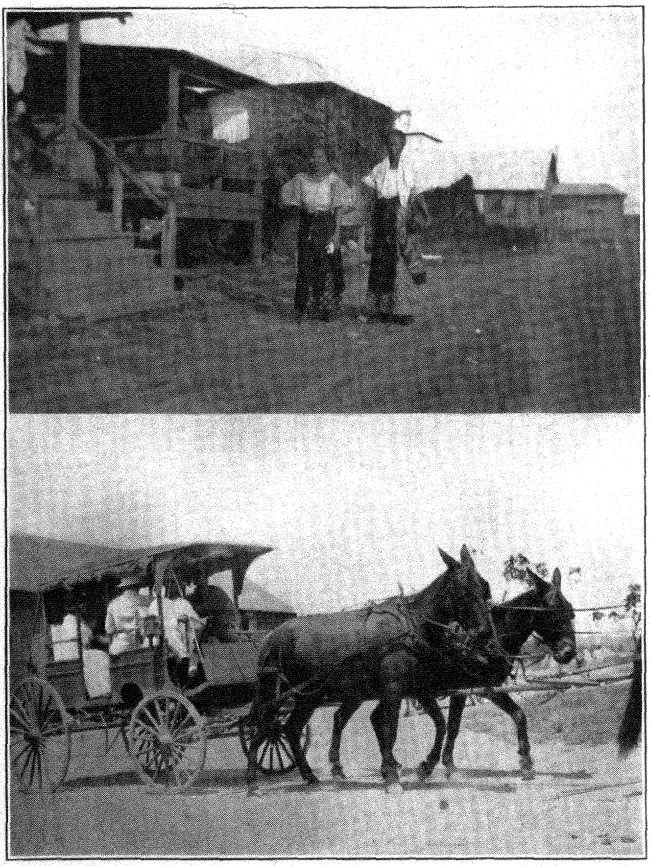
A Chinese tailor came at noon to take the measurements for a pair of trousers for the Colonel, and in less than two hours the garment was delivered, and very satisfactorily made, too.

I was still too uncomfortable to think of smiling, when a fat boy appeared in the doorway, bowing as he approached us, and handed the Colonel a bundle of purchases he had made. This messenger wore a *kimono* with a flight of white birds printed on a blue ground, and straw sandals. He was so cute and so polite, bowing and bobbing delightedly, that Japan began to fascinate us then and there.

One good thing I can say of the hotel in Nagasaki: the view from the balcony is beautiful. At night we looked out over the harbor, twinkling with the lights on hundreds of boats; and the early morning revealed the gray tiled roofs of the houses hugging the green hillsides. Japanese women toddled past, intent upon their morning tasks.

We packed early, and started for Shimonoseki at 8 o'clock. This time riding in a richskaw was wholly a pleasure, and we bowled along happily to the station, the bow-legged coolies trotting briskly, like kindly ponies.

My *Lavandera* (Washerwoman), Standing at the Front Edge with a Cigarette in Mouth



Lavanderas (Washerwomen) Coming to Work, Camp S, Philippines
U. S. Army Transportation, Camp Stotsenburg, Philippines

In our party is a small boy, whose red hair proved to be an object of great interest to the Japanese, who had evidently never seen hair of that color before—in fact, he created a sensation. At every station a crowd of smiling natives gathered at the car windows to admire the child's hair, and the conductor, bowing low to the mother, would borrow the boy's Teddy bear to show to the crowd, who looked at it with amazement and, when the bear was made to growl, with evident alarm. It was amusing during the daytime, but it became something of a burden to the boy's mother to be awakened often during the night and asked for the loan of the Teddy bear.

Strangely enough, the people at the stations seemed equally interested in me. Like Dickens' fat boy, I began to "swell wisably" with pride until a girl at a tea-house solved the riddle by pointing to my flower-laden hat, saying in English, "Flowers are beautiful—yes?"

All day the passing landscape, seen from the car windows, was like a colored photograph of Japan. It is exactly like the pictures. Green rice-fields, twisted fir-trees, gray temples, and red *torii*—the decorated gateways of Japan—unrolled before us, a delightful moving-picture show.

As there was no dining-car on the train, a dainty luncheon was put up for us in baskets at the hotel. Later we bought native food in white wooden boxes—snowy rice and pickled fish, with a pair of chop-sticks to eat it with.

A Japanese gentleman opposite us sat comfortably on his feet, reading a book. His striped gray-and-white

kimono was of fine silk, and he wore white stockings and sandals, which he changed for slippers furnished by the railroad company. The conductor distributes the slippers with an obeisance to every passenger. After a time our fellow-traveler opened a straw satchel and, taking out a box, offered us handfuls of large chestnuts. The Colonel tried to talk with him, but, smiling and bowing elaborately, he said, "No English speak."

At Moji the manager of the hotel in Shimonoseki, which is across the straits from Moji, met and conducted us to the ferry. He had lived seven years in America, and spoke good "United States." All of our hand-luggage was pointed out to the red-capped hotel porters and was found in our rooms when we arrived.

Crossing the straits, we sat at the front of the boat and had an excellent view of the harbor, with ships of all nations lying at anchor. It was sunset, and the light on water and hills was glorious.

The Sanyo Hotel at the landing-place is a comfortable modern house, furnished in European style, with one of the best bath-rooms in Japan. The tub is sunk into the floor of a room of colored marble. It was filled with boiling water, which a dainty little maid was tempering to the shorn lambs to prevent parboiling.

At dinner the *menu* was printed in English, with each dish numbered. We decided that the safest way was to order by number, and pointed to No. 1 on the card. Our waitress, resplendent in a pale-blue *kimono* figured with brilliantly colored butterflies, her hair fastened with red-topped pins and a bunch of flowers over each ear, giggled

and said, "Ha!" She shuffled away, and returned triumphantly with cake! We had hoped for soup. Then we tried Nos. 5 and 6; more bowing and giggling; this time we drew fruit and rice. We ate through the numbers as far as 10, and left, amused, but still hungry.

The moon was full, and we rode down the one long street of Shimonoseki, the coolies pulling us along at a trot, the crowd pointing at us good-humoredly. We stopped at a small open-front shop to buy a straw trunk to carry hand-luggage, and were instantly surrounded by a polite but curious crowd, who wished to watch us make our purchase. By pointing, our wants were made known, and the shop-woman made us understand the price by taking from a lacquered box the amount of money we were to pay in Japanese coins. By this time it seemed as though the whole town had turned out to witness the transaction, and we edged our way through the crowd to the rickshaw and back to the hotel.

To-morrow we go to Miyajima, the sacred island, which is one of the three great sights of Japan. The station of Miyajima is five hours from here by train, and from there we are to take passage in *sampans* across the Inland Sea to the sacred island.

MIYAJIMA, JAPAN, September, 1909.

Late yesterday we crossed the strip of sea in the sunset glow. Two Japanese boatmen paddled us in a *sampan* to Miyajima. Both of these oarsmen wore thigh-bands and loose, short coats of blue cotton. Their

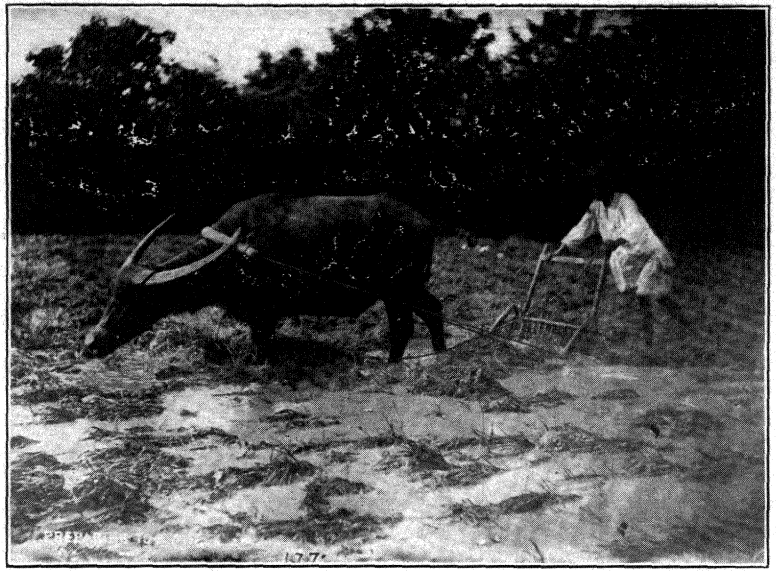
arms and legs were bare. Through a yellow haze the *sampans* bobbed. A fleet of ships, radiantly dreamlike in the level light, lay at anchor, and on the shore villages, temples, castles, stone lanterns, and *torii* gleamed against a background of purple and gold mountains. On the beach the manager of the hotel bowed low in welcome, and two little maids courtesied to the ground.

We followed one of the little maidens up a fern-covered way to the side of the mountain, choosing to stay in a native doll's house, which seemed made of paper and toothpicks, rather than at the hotel. Our pretty little guide has us in charge and will be our servant while we are here. She pulls open the entire side of the house, courtesying gracefully the while, and appears with a tray of fragrant tea and delicious cakes. We sit on straw cushions on the tiny porch, the Colonel's long legs nearly filling the whole space allotted to us. If we lean against the wall, we are morally certain our home will topple over and roll down the ferny hill into the brook that gurgles below. But it is surprisingly comfortable and amusing. We feel like dolls, and expect some giant to appear and take us out to play.

For our meals we walk down a moss-grown path to the main building, where the office and dining-rooms are. A table on the low porch is assigned to us. Flowering vines shut us in, and bright paper lanterns blow gently to and fro over the tables. Here, too, we order our food by number—fish, lobsters, shrimps, chicken, rice-cakes, and fruit.

As we dine we hear the wailing pipe of an old blind

Filipino Transportation



Carabao, Philippines

man as he walks in the middle of the road, tapping with his cane, which he holds in one hand, and in the other a lantern, carried low—a "lamp unto the feet."

No one may die here and no one may be born here, and at one time no woman was allowed to set foot on the island, though it is dedicated to a female deity. "There is no death, neither any sighing, for the former things have passed away."

The temple and stone *torii* are built out into the water; rows of stone lanterns mark a tree-shaded walk; sacred deer come near to feed out of our hands; doves light on our shoulders and take seeds from our lips. It is like Heaven on earth.

At daybreak this morning I wakened, and stealing softly to the wooden blind, pushed it aside and sat on the floor of our little porch. The sun came up, lighting the temples on the water; the birds sang joyfully; the ferns and flowers nodded; and a sense of uplift and well-being filled my heart. In that magic hour all the sorrows of the world were wiped away.

Up in the Hall of a Thousand Mats we have nailed a small white-pine paddle, on which are written the names of those who are most dear to us. It is a prayer to the gods for health and happiness, and the fact that it costs only two *sen* does not diminish its efficacy.

KIOTO, JAPAN, September, 1909.

We left our dear sacred island with regret, and came to this distinctively Japanese city, arriving at 2 o'clock

in the morning. In the only carriage in Kioto, which seemed to fill the narrow street, we made our way to the hotel. Nobody seemed to be about at that hour, and the streets were unlighted, except for an occasional lantern.

This hotel is a large European building and, after the toy-house we have been living in, seems a mammoth place. At the top of the staircase the manager, the maids, and bell-boys, all in native dress, welcomed us with obeisances. One feels so grand, almost royal, being bowed into a hotel in the middle of the night and shown to rooms by the manager.

Kioto is so full of beauty and interest that I cannot begin to tell it all, and must be content with writing about the things that impressed themselves most deeply upon our minds. Armed with a letter of introduction, we went to see the school for dancing, music, and the arrangement of flowers, where we were treated very courteously and shown all about. The Japanese maiden who danced for us wore white socks, light sandals, and a pale blue *kimono*, embroidered with pink, white, and black birds. As she moved, an edge of clear red showed somewhere about her dress. This was a *geisha* dance—simply a series of most graceful poses. The dancer twirled, lifted, and lowered a gold-and-blue fan and hid her pretty face behind it.

On mats on the floor sat three hideous old women, as ugly as Macbeth's witches. Their hair was drawn tightly over their skulls, their teeth were blackened, and their eyebrows shaved. They were dressed in sober gray silk, and banged on banjo-like instruments, making a fearful

din. One of them held a short stick, with which she directed the dancing.

We tiptoed across the spotless, polished floor to a room where twenty girls were being taught to write. They were sitting on their heels, each one before a lacquered tray, on which were cakes of India ink and fine camel's hair brushes, and were industriously engaged in making endless "wash-lists" on rolls of flowered paper. The teacher, a dignified old woman, saluted us gracefully, and I thought it a good opportunity to try my Japanese words, so at intervals I said, "*Ohio*," "*Arigato*," and ended with "*Sayonara.*" The effect was both magical and comical, for the whole school rose as one maiden and, courtesying to the floor, murmured "*Sayonara*" in sweet-toned chorus. I departed with a haughty feeling—as one who speaks the language of the people.

The castle and palace, which we had permits to see, gave us an excellent idea of the grandeur of a by-gone age.

We have been much interested in the silk industry, which one may see at all stages, from the silkworms feeding on mulberry leaves to the rich brocades at the factories. The manufacture of cloisonné, lacquer, and porcelain is quite wonderful to look at and more interesting to me than the Emperor's palace. We have bought lovely things in the shops, too—embroidered *kimonos*, silks that stand alone, and screens of such cunning needlework that you would think them paintings of Japan.

Yesterday we drank tea in a golden pavilion, where

we were served by a temple priest—tea like cream of pea soup, stired to a foam with a bamboo whisk by the kindly priest. At the Temple of Chouen we saw an enormous coil of rope, made from the hair of the women who presented it; and we rang the bell, the soft boom of which, rolling away in waves of sound, can be heard all over the city. A confusion of kneeling priests and chanting pilgrims, a murmur of many prayers, the clatter of wooden shoes, and the clanging of the temple gong—these are to be found in all the temples of Kioto.

To-morrow we leave for Yokohama.

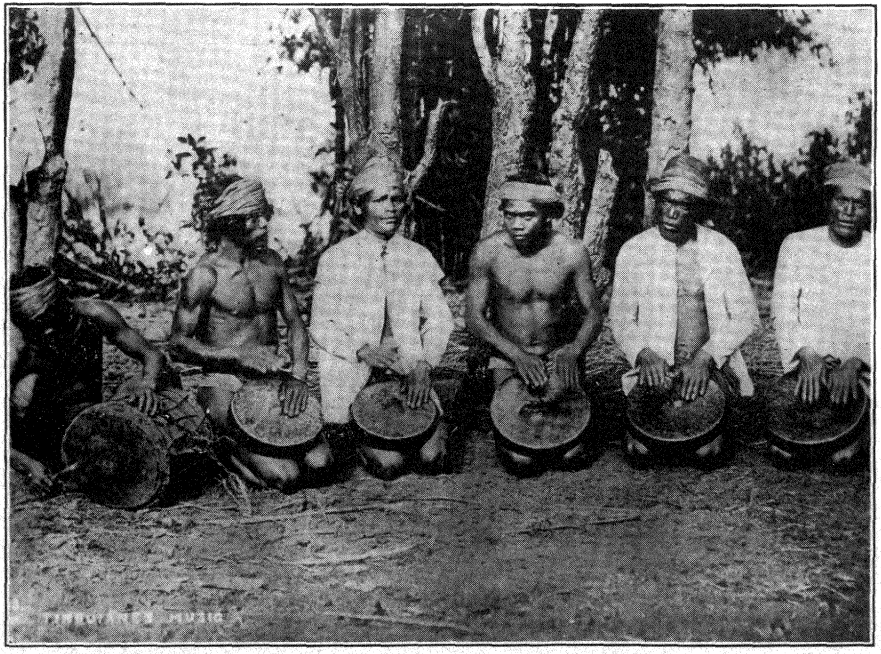
HOTEL FUJI, MIYANOSHITA, JAPAN,

September, 1909.

This hotel, which is built on top of a high mountain, is said to be the finest in Japan. Miyanoshita is a noted summer resort for foreigners, as well as for the Japanese, because of its beautiful scenery, fine mineral and hot springs, and air like sparkling wine. Our being here is due to a happy accident.

We started from Kioto on an early morning train, the two friends who were with us traveling second class. They jeered at us for our extravagance in going first class, and, indeed, we were visiting in their compartment most of the way, and could see no difference, except in the price. From the train we caught our first glimpse of Fu-i Mountain, a great pink cone floating above the clouds.

There were four Japanese passengers in the car with us; one pretty girl, whom we imagined to be the bride



Filipino Music

Bananas

of an elderly Japanese man who accompanied her, sat in her stockinged feet, looking very comfortable in her loose *kimono*. Several times during the journey she took from her sash-band an embroidered case, which held a mirror and several pencils for beautifying the face, and calmly put the red to her lips and cheeks and daubed black lines to her eyebrows, which gave them an unexpected upward curve.

Suddenly the train stopped, and a porter began to take our luggage out through the car window. It was after dark, but we felt sure we had not yet reached Yokohama. Not a trainman was in sight. After you pass the wicket gate in the station, the railroad company evidently washes its hands of you until you pass the wicket in some other station; then they look at your ticket and set you right. They seem never to think of the possibility that anybody might get off at the wrong station. What would happen, I wonder? One would simply wait for the next train with the utmost patience and good humor, I suppose, for nobody gets angry in Japan. It is the custom of the country to smile at everything and everybody.

Presently the Japanese passengers gathered up their packages and made ready to leave, and we realized that the train was not going any farther. The Colonel went to find our friends, and I tried to open communication with the passengers, asking the lady if she spoke English. She smiled and bowed, but said nothing. The same question put to the men produced better results, and one

said, "I speak the English," and explained that we were in a washout and stranded somewhere near Yokohama.

We stepped out upon the platform, which was lighted by a single swinging lantern. A small hamlet nestled against the side of a great mountain, and the English speaker pointed to the dark summit, where, he said, his inn would take care of us, as no trains could go through to Yokohama until the next day. When we found that it was two and a half hours by rickshaw up the mountain, we flatly refused to patronize his inn. With heavenly patience, the proprietor endeavored to convey some enlightening idea, and the Colonel, catching the words "Fuji Inn," demanded if his "humble tavern" might be the famous Miyanoshita Hotel—as, indeed, it was. We all clamored with one voice, "Take us to the Fuji Hotel!" Of all the good luck in the world, to be stranded, if such a mishap had to occur, at the station for the great summer resort of Miyanoshita!

We took a miniature electric tram-car, which pulled us half way up the *cañon* to a tea-house, from which we were to travel by rickshaws to the top.

It was dark under the big trees, even with a full moon that lighted patches of the glorious scenery. At the tea-house there was a rickshaw-stand, with many vehicles and coolies, who sat on the ground smoking their pipes while they waited for patrons. Five rickshaws and ten coolies had been wired for to take us to the top of the mountain, and we stood for a while on the platform, waiting to be claimed. As there was no demand for us, we ladies climbed into the rickshaws, much against the

will of the coolies, who jabbered and protested vociferously. Something was the matter; that was plain. As the discussion waxed hotter, we burst out laughing, the men joined in, and, to our surprise, the chairmen left off quarreling and laughed with the rest. Perhaps we should have been sitting there still if a maid from the inn had not appeared upon the scene, saying in English, "Good evening." She explained that the men wanted an extra rickshaw for our luggage, which they seemed to think we intended to carry in our laps—as though it was not all we could do to hold ourselves in, let alone our bags and hampers! Thanks to the maiden, we were loaded up and started off in single file, making an imposing procession, up, up in the dark, cool night. After two hours, we were happy to climb out and make our way afoot up to the hotel, which was all alight and gay with music and many people.

We have a dream of a room, with five windows, from which we look down into the valley and up to the summit of the mountain, where a tea-house is perched. Great red *torii* mark a path leading to an image of Buddha carved in the side of a gray rock.

The narrow street of the town is bordered with open-front shops filled with the carved woodenware for which this place is famous, and fur robes, muffs, collars, and slippers, made from the skins of mountain animals, beautiful and very cheap. An old woman at the tea-house sold me the brass *hibachi* over which she had boiled the tea-kettle; and we made a comical procession returning to the hotel with a cart full of wodenware, furs, and the

hibachi, still full of hot coals. A delectable, fat teapot swung from my hand. I do not know what the staid English guests at the hotel thought of us.

There are natural hot springs here, and the water is piped into the hotel for healing baths. It is the most restful place; but we must descend from our mountain-top to-morrow and go on to Yokohama.

HOTEL PLEASANTSON,

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, October, 1909.

From our windows in the hotel we can see directly into a Japanese home—several second-story rooms over a shop, where the father of the family makes and sells shoes; and I am obliged to confess that I have shamelessly looked on at the fascinating and unconscious doings of the little household. The family consists of the shoemaker, his wife, and little boy, and this afternoon they have been receiving visitors—two men, one woman, a child of three or so, and a boy perhaps ten years old. They all sat on their heels in a circle on the floor before tiny, lacquered tables, on which interesting-looking bowls were set. On the floor near each person was spread a paper napkin, on which small cakes were arranged. All the guests touched their foreheads to the floor—even the baby, who was so fat it was a mystery how he kept from rolling into the midst of things; then they arose and went into the hall, slipping their feet into straw sandals, and returned, bowing ceremoniously to one another.

The children were the best little things; they did not

so much as touch one of the cakes spread so temptingly within their reach. Presently the host gave some sweetmeats, wrapped in a napkin, to the baby, who promptly went down in a beautiful obeisance—a comical sight, with his shaved little head, leaving scalp-lock, red-and-white *kimono*, and chubby legs in red socks. After tea was finished, a young girl removed the tables, cushions, and tea-tray, leaving the floor bare, as there is no furniture in the room.

At 10 o'clock I peeped again. All was ready for the night. The floor was covered with straw mats, with stiff rolls on wooden stands for pillows, and with wadded quilts for covering. It must be nice to have the beds come to you, instead of having to go to the beds. How many American children would escape a scolding when bedtime comes and they are loth to go if we employed this simple Japanese method! But I fancy Oriental infants always do as they are told, for manners in this country, both with young and old, seem never to fray, even at the edges, let alone give out. Japan wears her "Sunday manners" every day of the week.

Living is very easy for travelers. All we are expected to do is to breathe, and the hotel management "does the rest." To be sure, it will all come in, signed on *chits*, with the bill, but the bills are miraculously small.

To-day it rained steadily and sullenly, but we went out just the same, spending the day in rickshaws, which are comfortable and cheap. On rainy days the coolies cover each rickshaw with a piece of oiled paper, which hooks half way across the vehicle. My chairman, bare

of foot and leg, with bits of rag tied about his big toes, wore a comical cape of straw and an apron of the same, which shed the water like a duck's back—an effective rain-coat. His basket-shaped hat, too, shed the rain in trickling streams.

We proceeded in single file—the "most honorable" first—around Mississippi Bay, and noted with patriotic pride the spot where Admiral Perry anchored in 1858 and awaited an answer to his letter from the powers of Japan. The coolies pointed to the place, and at a tree which General Grant planted, with an expression of countenance which meant, "There, now, you Americans can celebrate."

Presently the sun came out, and we stopped at a tea-house, first giving the coolies tea-money, which they promptly spent for a smoke, joining a group of waiting chairmen, all sitting on their heels and chattering like magpies.

A girl brought a tray of egg-shell cups, a pot of tea, a red lacquered bowl of cake and another of fruit, and, holding out a thimble-sized bowl of sugar, said archly, "You like?" Oh, yes, of course the Colonel "liked." He took all the sugar and smiled back, while I discreetly looked out across the bay; for who would have a husband who would not smile at such a dainty maid? From a toy garden little "You Like" picked a rose and a fern-leaf, tied them together with a wisp of straw, and presented them to me. All this costs only forty *sen*.

We rode back along the narrow street, facing the canal, and in the open-front shops bought baskets and tiny wooden shoes for a few pennies.

After dinner a band of street-dancers, young girls who are in training to become *geisha* dancers, gave a performance in front of the hotel. They must learn to chant long poems, and as soon as they are familiar with the figures, they dance on the streets. Two old women thumped on *samisens*, keeping up a doleful, whining chant, while the dancers waved back and forth like an undulating string of bright beads. One slips off the string, comes to the steps, holding out a carved tray, into which the *sen* rattle, and away they flutter.

We have letters to an American lady who married a Japanese, and she has brought her daughter to show us the city and assist in our shopping. This young girl is pretty and bright, and longs to be considered an American. She wears European dress very successfully, but looks more French than American. She does all the bargaining in Japanese, and under her care we have acquired treasures. One afternoon we went through Motomachi under her guidance. In an open-front shop we sat on cushions on the floor, while the proprietor, clad in a *kimono* of price, brought us boxes of bewilderingly beautiful things to choose from. Such wonders of embroideries, brasses, lacquers, and china!

To-morrow we go to ancient Kamakura to see the great Buddha.

I can now say "good-by" in five languages, a word which I never willingly say to you in any language.

HOTEL PLEASANTSON,

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, October, 1909.

We are making this comfortable hotel our headquarters, and are taking little trips from here. Yokohama' which is both European and Oriental, is divided into "The Settlement" and "The Bluff," where most of the foreigners live. The United States Naval Hospital is on "The Bluff," and we are to dine there soon.

The United States S. S. ———— is anchored in the bay, with Governor and Mrs. D—— aboard, and to-day we lunched with them on the ship. We went in rickshaws to the *hatoba*, which is neither a breakfast-food nor a patent medicine, but the landing-place for small boats along the beautiful *bund* or water-front, which is almost wholly European, lined with hotels, clubs, and the fine Legation buildings, and bordered with splendid trees. Only the coolies waiting with their vehicles and some small flat-topped trees reminded us that we were in Japan.

A tippy launch took us to the ship, which looked very far out. Two English war-ships had just anchored in the bay, and a salute was being fired from the shore batteries and returned by the English ships. Our launch seemed directly in the firing-line. The wives of the naval officers were looking pale and anxious, so I did not feel that my fears of *mal-de-mer* were entirely due to my belonging to the land forces.

The sailors were drawn up in line when we climbed the wobbly ladder up the ship's side, and saluted the Colonel punctiliously. We left after a merry luncheon party, promising to meet again in Nikko.

Filipino Women Spinning Thread for Dress Goods

Slipper Vendor, Philippines

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, October, 1909.

Have I been dreaming? I should think so, if it were not for the reality of the mustard-plasters and wadded Japanese wrappers with which I am swathed, as I sit here propped up in bed after a ten-days illness. Think of spending days and days in this fascinating place done up in swaddling-clothes and plasters! And all on account of the lovely trip to Kamakura and Enoshima! The ladies at the hotel have been goodness personified, duplicating their bargains for me, and keeping our room filled with flowers.

On a bright, cool morning we started for Kamakura, an hour's run by the express train. Once a great city, it is now only a small hamlet, hugging the beach, and behind it a semi-circle of hills, dotted with temples, *torri*, and tea-houses, forms a picturesque background. A steep stone stairway leads to a tea-garden, which seems dwarfed by the great size of the Dai Butsu, the colossal statue of Buddha. Sitting upon a giant lotus-flower of bronze, the god looks down with brooding eyes and sorrowful face upon the moving throng that passes continually below his folded hands.

A procession of pilgrims from the interior, footsore and weary, but with faces alight with hope and joy, approached the shrine as we watched—scores of men and women who had traveled hundreds of miles to look upon the face of the Buddha. Holding rosaries in their upraised hands and bearing banners and emblems, they approached the shrine, where, clapping their hands to invite the attention of the god, they prostrated themselves,

praying audibly. The clapping of hands, the murmur of chanted prayers, the clinking of coins in the tray, blended in a soft storm of sound like the soughing of wind through forest trees. There is a temple inside the image, and the pilgrims, in turn, went in to pray before the shrine within.

In a rough wooden shed adjoining the Temple of Hachiman, the god of war, we signed our unknown names in a volume large enough to be the Judgment Book, and, guided by a young priest, we went to see the statue of Kwannon, goddess of mercy and pity. Along a dark, narrow passage we were conducted into a still darker and smaller room, where the priests, lighting candles, which they pulled by ropes up to the high roof, partly illuminated the image of a woman, bronze and of heroic size. So large is this statue that our heads did not reach to the knees. The patter of many wooden clogs on the floor of the passage outside announced the coming of the pilgrims, and soon the narrow space where we stood at the feet of the goddess was filled with worshipers. A gong boomed solemnly, and the smoke of incense drifted thickly about the face of Kwannon, to whom our eyes were lifted. An old woman, a cripple, bending low, touched her forehead to the ground, and, reaching through the lattice, reverently rubbed the feet of the goddess, then rubbed her own poor twisted feet, while the priests raised a loud-voiced prayer.

Beneath the trees is a tiny tea-house, almost under the thumbs of the great Buddha, and there we ate the luncheon we had brought from Yokohama. We felt almost wicked eating chicken and caviar sandwiches under

the very eyes of the god. An old woman, with a kindly face and gentle manners, fanned a fire of twigs under a brass pot, and gave us tea in brown cups on a flowered tray. Beside each cup was a yellow blossom. The sacred doves walked about our feet and fed from our hands, eating grain which we bought from the tea-house woman.

From a high-backed bridge we looked upon a river of pinky-white lotus. Here a Japanese poet, who had entered a temple of Buddha in Kamakura to study silence, composed a poem which, translated into English, reads:

> "In the voice of a bell,
> Where prayer, like a light, all day
> Kisses the shadow, like chest of faith,
> I, awearied not of life, have a home.
> Along the path of the breeze,
> Where love, lone, but happy, sings and roams,
> I gather the petals of thought,
> Nursed by the slumbers of peace."

I don't know what it means, but it sounds rather restful. In the temple grounds we saw the poet sitting under the trees, the leaves falling all about him, "gathering the petals of thought." His poems, little white papers, fluttered from the flower-stems or were pasted to the rocks in the garden.

An electric tram-car took us along the beach, where the waves rolled high on the sand, and a fleet of fishing-boats tossed on the sea. Many women and children were picking seaweed on the beach, calling gaily to one another, while their bright *kimonos* flapped wildly in the breeze.

A long stretch of sand connects the sacred island of

Enoshima with the mainland, and over this causeway we were pulled in rickshaws. Tradition asserts that Enoshima, which is dedicated to the goddess Benten, the patroness of the lucky, arose in a single night from the ocean. The inhabitants ran to the fronts of the shops to look as we were pulling up the single street of the village, steep and rocky. We left the rickshaws at the foot of the flight of stone steps cut in the rock, which leads up to the temples. An old man, one of the guides who swarm about the temple gates, attached himself to us, and we toiled up to the summit of the mountain, past tea-gardens, shops, and shrines, out to the edge of a cliff, where a sheer drop of rocky wall fell away to the sea, lying hundreds of feet below, green, and breaking in angry surf. On a balcony of rock is perched a tea-house, from which is to be seen the finest views of Fuji Yama in all Japan. Over the sea, to which, far out, distance gave a tone of purple; the mountain, pearly-pink, seemed to hang suspended in the tender blue of the sky.

After a bird-like luncheon of tea and cakes, we should have retraced our steps to the village far below us, but the volunteer guide pointed to a narrow path that winds down the face of the rocky wall to the sea, where the descending traveler is fenced in with a chain—from falling upon the rocks or toppling into the churning waters below. We tried to make the old man understand that we wished to return to the rickshaws, but he almost pushed us on, and we could only hope that we were taking a short cut. But alas for our confidence! Down, down we cautiously made our way until, at the bottom of the mountain, we

Women Basket Carriers, Philippines

Rice Harvesters, Philippines

faced the mouth of a great cave. To go in, and presumably through it, or to retrace our weary steps to the top of the cliff—there seemed no other course open to us, unless we jumped into the sea or trusted ourselves to one of the tiny, bobbing *sampans* which came close to our standing-place, the boatmen inviting us by gestures to make use of their little crafts. As we had no means of knowing where we should be landed, we tried the cave, entering a narrow, dark passage under the island. Priests gave to each one a shingle with a candle burning on the end, which water, dripping from the rocks overhead, promptly extinguished. The passage grew smaller and lower, and a group of pilgrims ahead dropped to their knees and crawled onward toward a small round hole in the distance—the entrance to the cave on the other side of the mountain, no doubt. We dropped our torches and turned back to begin the long, hard climb to the top, and with some anxiety to reach the tram-car before darkness should shut us in on the island. At every resting-place the tea-house people would come out and offer tea, pointing to Fuji Yama, marvelous in the level light; but we wished never to see Fuji or to drink tea again; our bones ached with weariness, my pretty hat was spoiled by the dripping water in the cave, the sun was preparing to set, and there was still an hour's hard climbing and tumbling down steep paths before we should see the rickshaws.

With what joy and relief we settled our aching bones in the rickshaws at last and were trotted back to the station, only to find that the express had gone! But it

did not much matter, for there was a way-train, and we did succeed in reaching Yokohama in safety that night, although I have had ten days in bed since the outing to reflect upon the beauties of Enoshima. Surely on the island dedicated to the goddess of good fortune we were anything but lucky.

This is a delectable place to have clothes made. Chinese tailors come to the hotel with samples and French patterns for approval, also cards of recommendation from former patrons, who praise them in glowing terms. I have a tailor who is delightfully droll. He wears a rich purple brocade gown, black satin trousers, slippers, and cap, and a smile "that won't come off." He calls all the married ladies "Mama" and the young girls "Missy." "Can do" and "catchee" and "you like" cover a wide conversational field. He makes exquisite gowns for a mere pittance, but there are, unfortunately, "creases in the rose-leaves." He is never on time, does not pretend to keep his appointments, and delays finishing until one is exasperated beyond patience. They are all alike in this, and usually finish the clothes just in time to throw them on board the boat on which their customers are sailing away. I think my tailor thought I was sick enough to die and leave the dresses I had ordered on his hands, so he hustled amazingly to finish them before my possible demise.

I am pronounced able to go to Tokio to-morrow to lunch with some friends at the Legation.

IMPERIAL HOTEL,

TOKIO, JAPAN, October, 1909.

This hotel is one of the sights of Tokio, and is a haughty place. We have delightful rooms with a bath-room and balcony. Everything in the place that has room for a mark has the imperial crest emblazoned on it. A crackled green vase on a carved table in my room holds a single perfect chrysanthemum, and as I write a little serving-maid bows herself noiselessly in and places a tea-tray on a taboret at my elbow, drops a piece of coal the size of an English walnut on the grate fire, and stands with folded hands awaiting orders.

Tokio seems almost a European city, with wide streets, glass-front shops, modern hotels run in the English style, and carriages and horses. There is a foreign colony here —diplomats, university teachers, and missionaries.

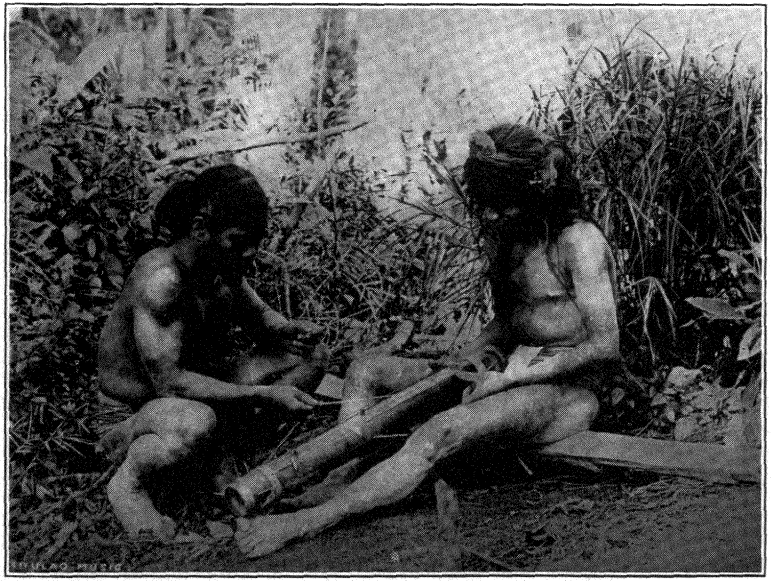
We drove about the city to-day, past the Imperial Palace, which is hidden in a park and surrounded by a moat filled with lotus in blossom. A magnificently carved stone bridge spans the moat, and soldiers pace up and down the wall and guard the gates. On top of the wall grow crooked pine-trees, which hide the park beyond from the eyes of the passer-by. There are many soldiers in Tokio; the officers in top-boots and spurs, enveloped in voluminous capes, go by with sabers clanking.

At the door of a small building the Colonel stopped to examine an emblem done in carved wood—a square and compass. Even here the great brotherhood of man has a home.

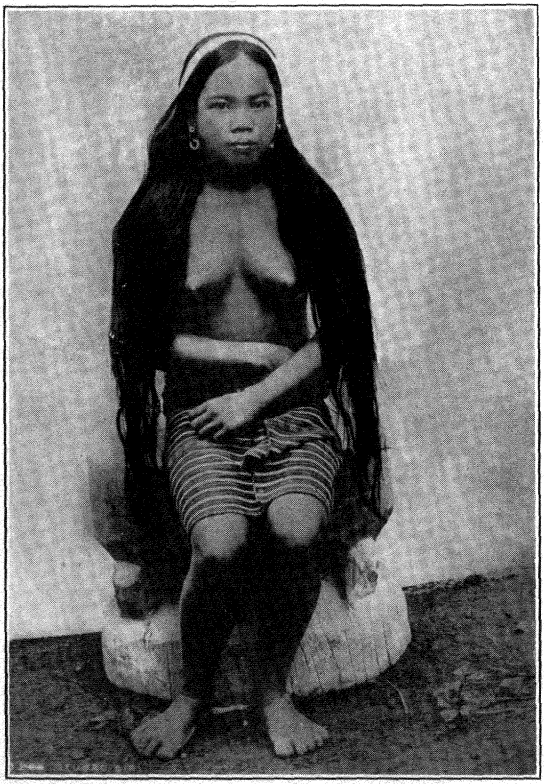
After leaving cards at the Legation, we drove on to luncheon with our friends, who live in a native house which has been modified to suit European ideas of comfort. It is a two-storied gray house, set in an attractive garden, and is furnished with taste and elegance. The drawing-room opens with many sliding glass doors upon a charming porch, covered with blooming wistaria. Many fine pictures hang on the walls of this room, some of them done by a famous Japanese artist, whose tomb, which we visited, was surrounded with offerings of fellow-artists, who had left their paint-brushes at the resting-place of the master. Our hostess has, also, a notable collection of brasses and porcelain. The dining-room was pure Japanese, with sliding panels decorated with pine trees and flowers in golden browns on a cream-colored ground. After luncheon we sat in the garden by a fountain, which splashed among purple and white flowers.

We went to a Japanese theater, too, but on finding that the play was about the forty-seven Ronins, whose tragic history is dear to the Japanese, and that it lasted all day and night, we contented ourselves with seeing the building. One may go in the morning, occupy a tiny box, and have luncheon served there in blue-and-white "chow" dishes, which are stacked in the box during the remainder of the play. The floor of the theater sloped toward the stage, and there was a low gallery with a tiny stall at the back, called the "deaf seats," which are occupied by the "gallery gods."

We went to one little show where there were no footlights, their part being played by a masked, black-robed



Ibulao Musicians



Another "Eve," Filipino; Note Sarong around Body, Beautifully Woven, Bright-colored Cotton Cloth

man, who trotted about the stage with a lighted candle on the end of a pole, which he poked before the faces of the actors, illuminating their facial expressions for the benefit of the audience. Rather disconcerting, I should think.

Hundreds of people visit the public gardens in Tokio at this season of the year to enjoy the autumn foliage, which the frost has turned to a wave of red and brown and gold. Here trees are trained to grow in the shapes of boats and animals and human faces, and the flowers bear poetic names, such as "frozen moonlight," which is a white rose.

The fear of earthquakes is very strong in Tokio. Japanese mythology says that this city rests upon the back of a huge fish, whose writhings cause the earth to tremble. But we are so used to earthquakes in the Philippines that the idea doesn't bother us greatly.

It is late, and I hear the weird cry of the street-venders, which announces to the coolies that they can buy hot rice for a midnight supper.

NIKKO, JAPAN, October, 1909.

"Sun's Brightness" is the meaning of the name of this incomparable place. "He who has not seen Nikko can never say 'magnificent'," runs the proverb.

Nikko is approached by an avenue of cryptomeria trees that extends twenty miles or more—the royal road, built two centuries ago that an emperor might visit the tombs of his ancestors. The trees are so large and thickly leaved that it is twilight on the road at noonday; the

branches meeting overhead form an arched roof of green; and flying-squirrels, seemingly very tame, wing their way from tree to tree.

Nikko has only one street, steep and hilly, at the end of which a little river, swirling down from the mountain above the town, is spanned by an arch of red—the sacred "red bridge," which only the Emperor may cross. Near it a stone bridge is built for the use of the people. There are locked gates at each end of the red bridge, but these gentle subjects need neither lock nor key; to them the bridge is indeed sacred.

Along the river-bank sit a row of small stone Buddhas. These are the gods who play with the spirits of children who have died that they may not be lonely or homesick; and their arms are heaped with pebbles which sorrowing mothers have put there in remembrance.

The coolies raced along the steep road to the hotel, while children ran out to bob courtesies and cry friendly greetings. Nearly all of these little ones had babies tied on their backs, and even the toddlers were burdened with dolls strapped on their small backs to teach them to carry babies safely when they should be older. Boys and girls alike "mind the baby" in this novel fashion, but they seem happy about it, and go right on playing, as though they were unaware of their burdens. We saw some boys playing at "hop-scotch," jumping nimbly around the squares, while the little shaved heads of the babies beat a tattoo on their backs. Some of the "papooses" slept straight through the game.

The temples of Nikko are the most beautiful I have

seen in Japan. A broad stone stairway, solemnly bordered with stone lanterns, which stand one on every step, leads to the gate of the Iyemitsu Temple. The temple roof is curved like the roofs of China, with the graceful upward curve that is, perhaps, borrowed from the eyes of the people, or possibly, centuries ago, from the tents of the desert Arabs, and patterned from the upcurving line running from the topmost tent-pole to the outside edge of the cloth.

In a small temple a dancing priestess was kneeling, a money-box before her. Her loose robes and head-dress were white and she wore a red skirt. With a canny glance at the tray where lay our silver-piece, she began side-stepping primly, raising her arms and waving a fan and a stick with tinkling bells, and then resumed her kneeling posture on the mat.

A guide placed us in front of a gateway, saying, laconically, "See cats?" Over the center arch were three china-looking monsters that bore little resemblance to pussy.

Nikko is famed for wood-carvings, and we have bought boxes and trays beautifully inlaid and lacquered.

Our rooms have a sun-parlor with writing-desk and chairs. We look down on the red bridge and across the river to the road beyond. It is sunset now, and as I write a never-ending procession, gay and sober-colored, patters along to the temples to pray. It is cold in Nikko, and a little maid-servant renews the fire with three lumps of coal, each the size of an egg. She has just courtesied

away with the tea-tray, first inquiring sweetly, "Honorable lady foreign, tea condescended to drink?"

A convention of Japanese business men is being held at the hotel, and many little *kimono*-clad gentlemen are going about, their pipes, in carved cases, sticking in their sashes. We passed through the office, which was thronged with them, but so gentle and polite were they that it did not occur to us that we were the only foreigners in the room. I wonder how a Japanese woman in native dress would be treated passing alone through a hotel office in our country?

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, October, 1909.

What should happen last night but a fire! I dreamed the house was falling, and tried to call for help, when a light wavering on the window shades awoke me. Across the street, behind a brick wall, flames were mounting to the sky. The guide-books warn foreigners against fires in Japan as "an error to be avoided," and we dressed hurriedly and packed our belongings in some fashion. The proprietor of this hotel has great ability and iron discipline, and we felt that he would know when it would be necessary for the guests to leave the house; so from an office window downstairs we watched the crowd gather and the arrival of the fire department—a very droll performance.

The proprietor had asked the guests not to bring down any luggage, as he had his force ready to take it all out, if it became necessary, and he feared a panic might be

started. Only one of the guests insisted in bringing down his things—a fat man, who wheezed and puffed up and down with his satchels, much to the scorn of the others.

Curiously enough, the crowd in the street was absolutely silent; there was not a sound, except the clatter of wooden shoes. Every ward of the city has a tower with a bell, which the watchman rings if he chances to discover a fire, and then silent pandemonium is let loose. Frequently, however, the watchman fails to discover anything amiss. Only a few moments before we saw the flames we were told the watchman had passed by, jingling a bunch of rings on a pole to signify that all was well.

The firemen, their *kimonos* flapping about their bare legs and wearing brass helmets, ran about like distracted ants. The emblems which they carried—long poles held aloft and blue banners with cryptic designs, which, I suppose, invoked the fire god to desist, made the foreigners laugh, even though they were frightened.

Fire is terribly quick in its destructive work with these houses of straw and kindling, and the flames licked up the intervening buildings before a little engine was pulled to the scene by twenty men and a tiny hose was unrolled. The foreigners, looking on, groaned in chorus at the hopelessness of it. The sidewalks under the windows of the hotel were piled high with costly merchandise from the store opposite, the last outpost between us and the flames, which, fortunately, were blown away from us, as the wind was off the bay. Tall *godowns*, or storage warehouses, filled with precious stuffs and rare fabrics, fell in heaps of glowing coals.

Suddenly the crowd parted, and two hundred husky, rollicking British sailors from the war-ship in the bay, with four officers in command, swung through the narrow street. They literally pushed in the walls that still stood and beat out the flames, while the native firemen paraded leisurely up and down, and the emblem-bearers stood in statuesque poses in the middle of the way. Women with babies on their backs and children with smaller children tied on their small backs watched with interest the quelling of the fire demon. The crowd became so dense that a policeman stretched a cord across the street. The mannerly Japanese fell back before it, but the foreigners stooped under it and went on. The docility of the Japanese people is amazing. In the railroad stations are signs which say, "Please do not cross the tracks," and the natives do not think of disobeying the polite request, going up a flight of stairs and through a wooden passage, rather than cross the unbarred way. For enforcing the laws in Japan, iron fences, locked gates, and policemen are unnecessary.

The crowd dispersed as silently as it had gathered, stepping painstakingly around the piles of rich and perishable goods, with which the street was littered. The stores opposite the hotel lost all their merchandise that was stored in the burned *godowns*, amounting to thousands of dollars; and to-day we bought at a fire-sale beautiful old prints and silks that were only dampened by water.

The Emperor has a garden-party on the 3d of November, and all our friends are going and are keeping the

Chinese tailors busy making costumes for the men as well as for the women. We shall be on our way to China then. If we could take with us our willing coolies and the rickshaws we like so much, I should be less grief-stricken at leaving this enchanting country.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP *Mongolia*,

October, 1909.

We are having a fascinating trip through the Inland Sea, with a farewell view of Fuji in a pale-pink morning sky.

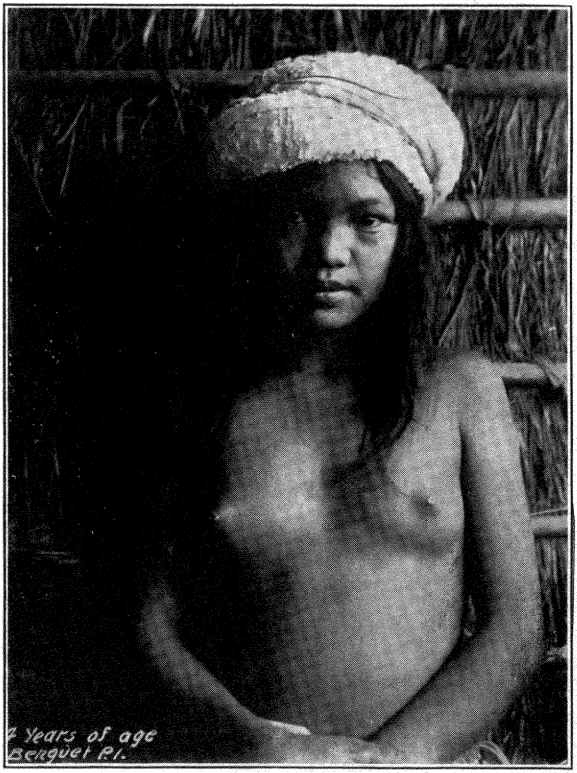
There are several hundred passengers aboad this boat, forty of them American missionaries going out to China, where they must serve seven years before they return to their homes. Some of them are dreadfully homesick, especially two pale-faced girls. All disembark at Shanghai, where a party of eight are to hire a house-boat and sail for three months up the river to their station. When we are back in the Philippines they will still be going on and on. One old man was born in China, and has been a mission-helper for thirty years. He talks of "getting back home." I am happy not to be exiled for so many years; indeed, in view of the term of service of the missionaries, our sojourn in the Philippines seems a blissful holiday.

We have a Japanese prince aboard also, returning from school in Europe, a bright-eyed, clean, well set-up young chap, who is not only a prince, but a priest of the temple as well. He is a favorite with some nice English girls on

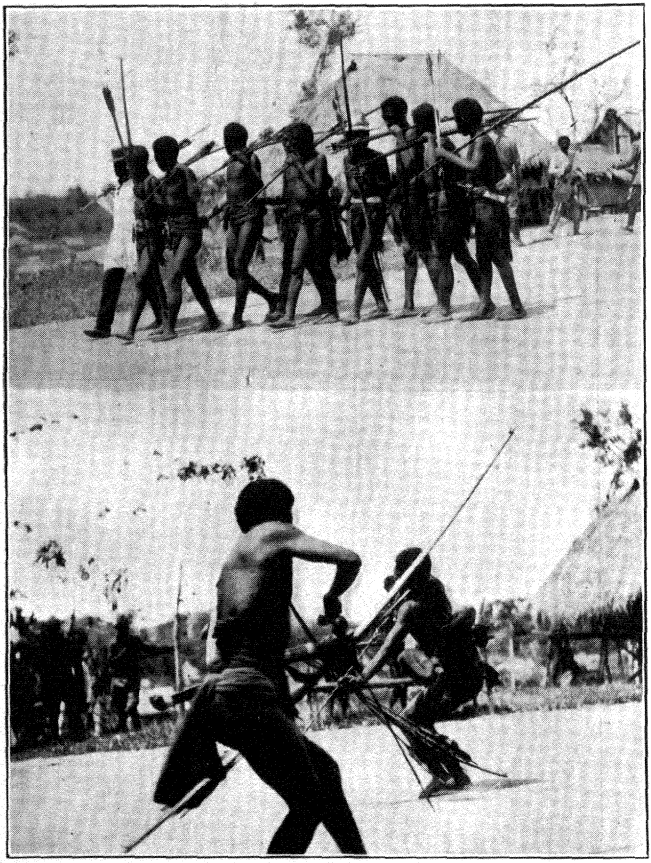
the ship and is evidently deeply attracted by one of them, a pretty, vivacious girl, with whom he walks the deck, laughing and talking happily in French or English.

Letters from Camp Stotsenburg tell us that the white ants have eaten the wooden foundations of our bungalow, which was about to fall to earth when repairs were begun by Filipino workmen, who are putting in new props against the day of our return.

At 8 o'clock this morning we sailed into the harbor of Kobe. Boats, barges, *sampans*, and launches soon surrounded the ship, and we noticed particularly a fine launch, "dressed ship" with Japanese flags and banners, the deck packed with men and women, all looking up as they neared the steamer. A murmured chanting reached our ears, and we saw that over the upraised wrists of the people, the hands held palm to palm, were prayer-beads. They had come to greet their prince and priest. Four Japanese men, dressed in handsome native costume, boarded the boat, and a few moments later I caught a glimpse of our young prince, standing in his state-room, with bowed head, and wearing not the jaunty European costume in which he had become a familiar figure to our eyes, but the dark, rich robes of his priestly office. At his feet, with faces pressed into their folded hands, were prostrated the four men who had come to greet and claim him. They escorted him to the gangway, and at sight of their prince the people waiting on the launch raised a cry and lifted their hands. The pretty English girl watched the scene with a pale face, and, when the prince passed near her, made as though to wave farewell.



Igorrote Girl



Negritos, near Camp Stotsenburg, Philippines

Negrito Bow and Arrow Fight, near Camp Stotsenburg, Philippines

He looked directly at her for a moment, and beyond, as though he had never seen or known her, and passed on. His people lifted him aboard the launch and bore him away across the morning sea.

A native gentleman came aboard presently, asking for us and bringing the card of one of our friends, so we put ourselves under his care, and were puffed and whistled ashore. On the pier were the rickshaws, and we were off as fast as a man can trot to buy embroideries from one Koshi Ishi.

KOBE, JAPAN, October, 1909.

This is an adorable place, and the lovely things to buy simply tease the money out of one's pocket. We have been to the shops of Koshi Ishi, on Motomachi Street, in the old city of Hyogo, where we climbed to an attic room, piled high with rich fabrics and objects of art, over which we bargained. Near by, outside a temple, gray and old, a great Buddha sits on a lotus-leaf, and clustered about his feet are the little shops of the merchants, who trade "in the shadow of the god."

Kobe is built at the foot of a mountain, and far up on the mountain-side, distant and lovely, stands the cool, white Temple of the Moon.

A card of introduction to the proprietor of a splendid tea-garden some miles from the town induced us to travel by rickshaws out into the highways and hedges of the countryside until we drew up under a stone gateway, and our coolies, pointing to a dense grove of trees, motioned

us to go on from that point afoot. I felt nervous, remembering the cave on the island of Enoshima, but I kept my fears to myself, and we rambled into the grove, presently coming up with an old man who looked like a Japanese Rip Van Winkle. We followed where he beckoned, through grottoes, along darkling paths, beside a tinkling stream, over picturesque bridges, and along avenues bordered with stone lanterns. Here and there a bronze god grinned at us with sinister leering.

At the top of the hill stands a temple filled with images, armor, gods, and dragons. A young Japanese, who spoke fairly good English, invited us into a tea-room, where, seated at a table of white jade, we drank green tea, thick and bitter.

Almost immediately the showman proceeded to set forth his wares, offering to sell us anything, from the temple itself down to the smallest and most precious stones. We had not come to buy curios, and when we showed no enthusiasm for purchasing, men appeared at the open doorways who scowled and gestured toward us in no pleasant fashion. We all felt anxious to be gone. The showman kept insisting that we buy, offering gods of mammoth size and vases a few inches high. At last we purchased some ivory carvings, proposing that they come to the hotel for any further trade, and hastily retraced our steps to the gate, where we were relieved to find the coolies waiting.

When this unpleasant experience was mentioned to the proprietor of the hotel, he suddenly failed to speak English.

VIII.

A TRIP TO CHINA.

PALACE HOTEL,

SHANGHAI, CHINA, October, 1909.

After crossing the muddy Yellow Sea, we dropped anchor in the Yangtse River, where we were transferred to a steam launch, which took us sixteen miles up the river to Shanghai.

The Yangtse River flows through a flat, brown country, with many villages and acres of graves, and here and there a pagoda or a temple with up-curving roof to break the monotony of the sky-line.

Ships and small boats, flying the flags of all nations, crowd the river. In a shipyard on the bank the United States transport *Warren* was laid up for repairs; and a Navy man on the launch joined our frantic waving as we came abreast of the Red, White, and Blue at her mast, rippling gallantly in the breeze against a Chinese sky. We passed also a Japanese battle-ship, a German and a British man-o'-war, and several Englishmen who were aboard raised their caps to the Union Jack. Our own gunboat *Wilmington* lay at anchor in the river, and while we passed Commander L—— and the Colonel stood with hats off, and I kissed my hand to the dear familiar colors, while forty missionaries, catching the home fever, cheered loudly.

Walking three squares from the landing to this hotel is the first taste of independence we have had since our arrival in Japan. We have become so lazily accustomed to being pulled about in rickshaws that moving "under our own steam," as we do here, gives an unwonted sense of personal responsibility. I feel like a runaway child who has escaped the vigilance of a nurse, for Japan is just that to the strangers within her gates.

New Shanghai, "the window of China," as it is called, is like almost any large seaport in America or Europe. The streets are wide, there are many parks, and the *bund*, or water-front, is bordered with imposing buildings. Shanghai has the largest foreign settlement of any city in the Orient, and an immense export trade.

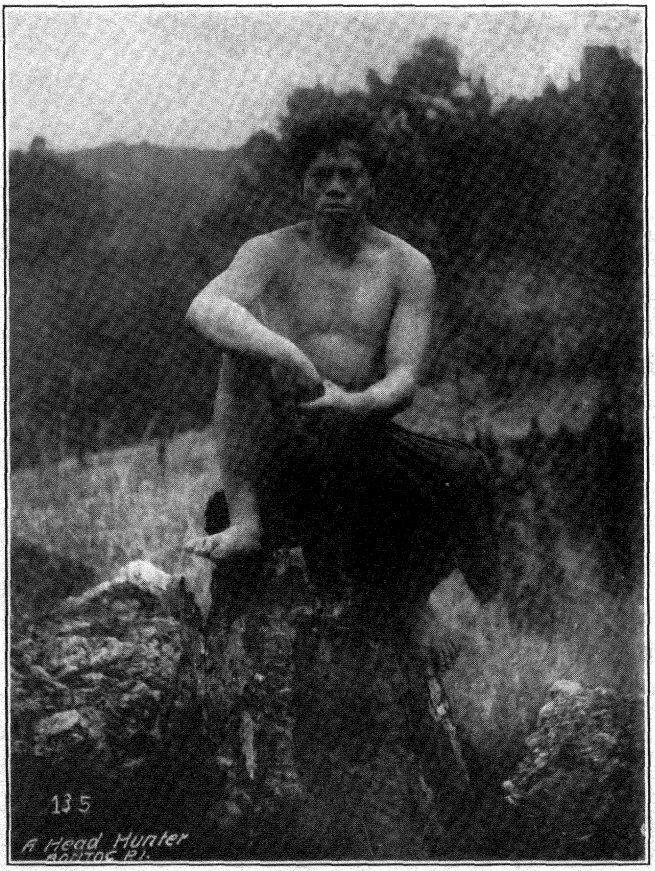
Yesterday we drove on the Bubbling Well Road, the fashionable thoroughfare, which is crowded with vehicles, from luxurious victorias, occupied by smart-looking English people, to rickshaws, carts, and wheelbarrows. Everybody in Shanghai seemed to be out for a drive.

Indian policemen, tall and swarthy, in tan linen blouses and trousers, their heads swathed in voluminous white turbans, control the traffic, checking the flow of carriages with an upraised hand. They are magnificent.

On this drive we visited the headquarters of the missionaries, from which workers are sent to all parts of China.

Another excursion took us to a convent where Irish lace is made; the way taking us past the graves of the ancestors, over a curved bridge, and through a garden

Moro Head-hunter and First-class Fighting Man



A Bontoc Head-hunter, Philippines

purple with asters and sweet with lilies, then on to the fur market and the silk merchants.

We have driven, also, along the Nanking road and to the Hankow market, where I remembered the nursery rhyme:

> "I think to take tea with you would be nice,
> Except I hear you live mostly on mice."

The foreign residents, it seems, seldom venture into the old city, and some of our friends who live here tried to dissuade us, but we thought it too interesting to miss, so arranged at the hotel for a carriage and a guide, and set forth through the French quarter, which adjoins Old Shanghai. At the crumbling gateway we had to leave the carriage and walk, and, once inside the walls, we felt as if we had stepped back into the dark ages.

Through ill-smelling alleys, so narrow that we had to walk single file, we made our way, passing along streets of open-front shops, wherein we could see the workers bending to their toil—shops which offered for sale everything from coffins to flowers, the latter a refreshing sight—great bunches of China asters, curiously fresh and innocent-looking in that strange, evil place.

It is most laughable to read the various sign-boards hanging in rows outside the shops. Over a filthy opium-den is "Delightful Abode of Virtue and Happiness." A tobacco-shop advertises "The Three Fairies," and a sign for a meat-shop reads, "Mutton-shop of Morning Twilight."

Twilight broods upon the walled city, for the signs and

overhanging roofs shut out the daylight; and pervading it all is an indescribable odor—a blend of opium-smoke, incense, oil, and onions.

The wall shelters a multitude of booths, which offer a variety of wares to the would-be purchaser. Here one may buy, according to his taste, almost anything from carvings of cunning workmanship to long-tailed rats, which appear to be a staple diet among the Chinese.

First, we went into a temple, where, behind a superbly carved entrance, stood the hideous images of the gods. The sellers of doves were there, and the money-changers, the lepers, the lame, the halt, and the blind. The priest scowled at us, and we made haste to drop coins into the outstretched tray and to light sticks of incense, which we placed before the first god we could reach. One feels very foreign here, and almost a "devil," for there are mutterings and pointed fingers—the blown straws which show that we are intruders and unwelcome among the odorous alleys of the old city.

The crowds in the streets kept up a never-ending clamor, which was distracting, and I took hold of the sleeve of our guide, a fat Chinaman in a white linen gown, with his queue tucked into his belt, hoping that the next turning would find us in a quieter and cleaner place. His Buddha face was unmoved, however, by my tremors, and saying, "Now we go see Spirit Bridge, Missy come," he piloted us into alleys darker and more stifling, swarming with yellow men, women, and children, all pushing and shouting, and carrying heavy burdens—enough, it seemed to me, to supply the needs of a world. At last we came

out into a square—the only place where we saw a patch of sky in Old Shanghai—where, spanning a slimy, green pool, is the famous Crooked Bridge, familiar to our eyes from the willow-pattern plates of our childhood. Over the bridge, which "evil spirits cannot cross," we wavered, while an old woman, with visible signs of leprosy, held out stumps and shrieked for alms; and children, dirty and diseased and clothed only in scraps of bagging, bobbed their heads against the flooring, whining distressingly.

A tea-house of fantastic shape was inhabited by the chief of beggars, so we contented ourselves with looking in at the open door.

In the Mandarins' Garden we had a restful half-hour, as the crowd of beggars who followed us was shut out by the gate-keeper. Here the mandarins come to drink tea and play chess. The garden is a small inclosure, with stunted trees of willow, fern, and bamboo, tea-houses, curved bridges, rocks carved to represent the faces of dragons, and a sacred tomb, upon which some Vandal had blue-penciled "T. R., Tsar of America." The guide pointed to this and shrugged his shoulders. We felt shame for that shameless tourist.

It was with relief that we found ourselves at the gate once more, and back again to the European-ness of this hotel, although the "chow" here is distinctly Oriental. As we came through the office a tall, lean, blue-gowned "bell-hop," looking up to the balcony, called in drawling pidgin English to someone above, "Hey, you one piece prince up topside?" and a solemn Chinaman in spec-

tacles and a dark silk coat leaned over the railing and answered laconically, "Have got."

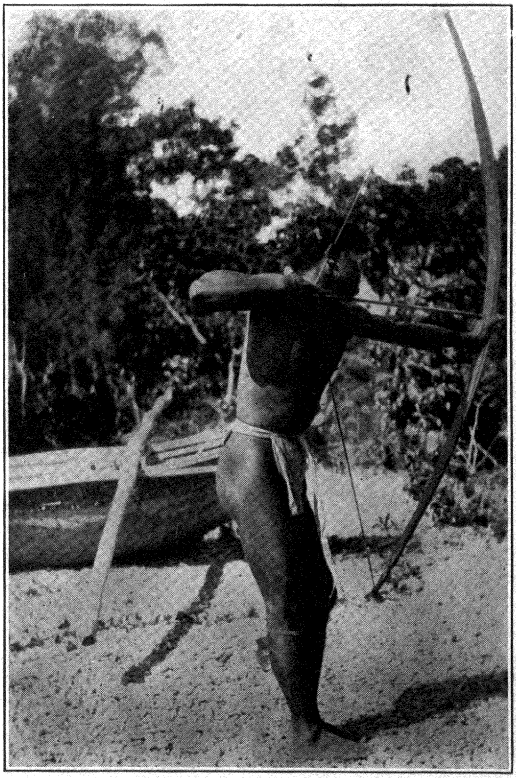
Now we must board the launch once more and sail down the "River of Fragrant Tea-leaves," which is also called "China's Sorrow," for nearly a thousand junks are wrecked annually upon the Yangtse. A civilization that wears its hair long and its shirt outside certainly presents a difficult problem.

The bell-boy has just knocked and said, "Missy, wantchee see one piece lady—allee samee American?" Goodness knows I want to see anything American at this moment—land preferred.

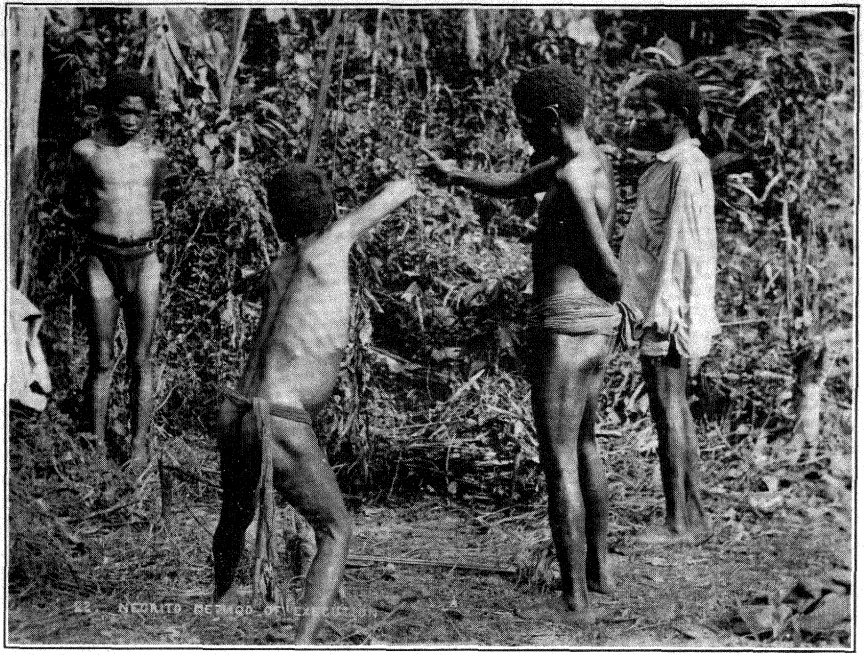
HONG-KONG, CHINA, November, 1909.

As a foreign devil, O "Land of Sweet Waters" (which is the meaning of Hong-Kong), I salute you. The liner cast anchor in the harbor, which is known as the "finest in the world," on Monday morning, and we are anchored a mile or so from shore. Hotel-runners come aboard at once to solicit patronage, and every hotel sends its own launch to take its guests and their luggage, so it is really not such a hopeless business as it seems at first.

Hong-Kong, as seen from the harbor, is a magnificent city, built up the side of a mountain and set against a range of high peaks. The city stands upon an island, separated from the mainland by a few miles of water. It has over three hundred thousand inhabitants, of every race, creed, and color; and, ceded to Great Britain in 1841, it has become a clearing-house for the world. Ev-



Negrito Hunter



Wild Men—Negritos

erything and everybody passes through Hong-Kong; all travelers in the Orient stop here, and ships of all nations put in at this port.

On the uncovered pier coolies and Sedan-chairs were waiting, and our host instructed me in chair etiquette. Holding up imaginary skirts, he faced the front chair-bearer, stepped briskly over the pole, then back two steps, and seated himself—all very easy to look at. I forgot the two steps backward, however, and sat down—on the floor. The Sedan-chair, which is made of wicker (this one had pale-blue oilsilk curtains and a bright green top), is swung upon two light poles, between which walk the coolies, front and back, leather straps about their necks fastened to the poles. The chair bounces up and down, reminding me of a ship in a "beam sea."

Hong-Kong streets are a series of terraces and flights of steps, and the coolies climb up, up to the hotel, which is a three-storied white house clinging to the mountain side, with balconies in front and a flower-garden that overhangs the roofs of the houses in the street below. This garden is a narrow strip, paved with white tiles, with a brick walk running through the middle, bordered with blossoming plants and dwarf orange- and lemon-trees. Bronze urns hold smaller plants of great beauty. A low wall shuts the garden in, or, I might say, holds it on, and protects those who walk therein from falling some thirty feet to the roofs below.

Still farther down below the garden are barracks and a parade-ground; for English troops—Highlanders, Royal Fusiliers, and Sepoys—are stationed here. We hear the

trumpets and the firing, and the Royal Rajput Band plays martial music all day and most of the night. In the lighted windows of the club-house we can see the officers playing billiards, and a happy Tommy Atkins is singing:

"The Life-guard waits for the pastry-cook,
But she won't wait for 'im."

If "love and a cough cannot be hidden," no more can the military bearing of the trained soldier. The sentinels at the barracks surprised and embarrassed the Colonel this morning by saluting as we passed.

Ahove our hotel is a fringe of gardens behind protecting walls, with other balconied white houses like our own. Little tram-cars are drawn up to the peak and run down again on an inclined plane with a speed that makes one shut one's eyes to watch (how is that for a bull?) or hold one's breath to ride in.

At night we look up from our windows at the twinkling lights above us, and from the balcony in front to a never-to-be-forgotten view—streets, houses, and parks dropping down to the water's edge and the ships in the harbor carrying out to sea their starry lights.

Our room is immense, with a very high ceiling, and furniture for a race of giants. The chairs, which would hold three good-sized people, are of teakwood, carved to represent fishes and goblins of unpleasant expression. The dressing-table is a monster dragon holding out a huge mirror. Fortunately, the beds are of good, clean, white iron. In an adjoining room a large green bronze flower-vase occupies the middle of the floor, and this, you will be

pleased to know, is our bath-tub. There is no running water. Coolies bring in our water-supply in cans three times a day. The sanitary arrangements here are about as cheerful as trying to flirt with a skeleton.

We have just been down to dinner, which we had on the balcony, although it is cool enough out there to need a wrap. It was too lovely to think of dining indoors, however, with that heavenly view to be enjoyed. A coolie pulled a *punkah* over our heads to keep away the insects.

The head-waiter here wears a stunning costume—a pale-blue gown opening at the sides, deep white linen cuffs, black trousers, and a stiff linen cap. His queue hangs to his heels and is tied with a black tassel. The waiters wear the national dress—a dark-blue cotton gown and black heelless slippers, turned up at the toes. A characteristic dinner was made up of rice, mushrooms with a trimming of lotus-roots, slices of raw fish in a brown sauce, grilled lobster in spiced broth, chicken and larks dressed in parsnips, pickled beet-root, soup of turtle cooked in lemon juice, and last and all the time, tea.

It is fortunate that Japan, in learning much from China, did not take lessons in manners as well. We are daily made to realize that we are foreigners and are to be considered only as objects from which coin may be extracted. Printed cards are issued to help tourists, with rules and proper charges for Sedan-chairs; but we have not yet found a chairman who is willing to abide by the contract. The moment the chair is set down and you take out your watch to see how long you have been riding, the coolies set up a howl and crowd so close that you

cannot step out. It is the same, no matter how much you pay or how little. One of our friends should have paid twenty cents for a chair to the wharf, but gave the coolies a dollar, thinking it a shame to let two thin Chinamen carry him for so little. Instantly they raised an uproar and drew down upon our friend the threatening attention of a group of wharf-loungers. At the arrival of a policeman the coolies tried to get away, but the "majesty of the law" prevailed; the policeman made them give back the dollar, and they departed, evidently well satisfied with their twenty cents. The idea seems to be get *more*, no matter what they are paid.

We have tried everything—exact fare, a liberal tip, or an appeal to a policeman—all to the same tiresome ending. It quite spoils the pleasure of riding in the chairs. Now the coolies are beginning to know our faces, and sometimes we get away in peace.

In the bank, while the Colonel was cashing a check, an Indian beggar came up to me and asked for money insistently in a low voice and excellent English. I thought the clerks, who saw him, would interfere, but they did not, and the Colonel waved the fellow away. The clerks (nice, accommodating young men), when they were asked why they permitted their customers to be annoyed in their building, replied that they did not dare to object.

Our English friends have been so critical of American administration in Manila that we expected to find Hong-Kong, after fifty years of British rule, a model city, perfectly governed; and it is with pride that I say that, after ten years of American rule, no one living in Manila or

visiting there would think of putting up with the insults and threats with which the drivers of public conveyances and the beggars browbeat all visitors to Hong-Kong.

We have been down in the city, sight-seeing and shopping. Hong-Kong has cement roads, well-paved gutters, and bridges and walls of wonderful engineering. Some of the streets are beautiful. Battery Path, with its ferns, palms, and bamboo-trees hemming in the narrow way around a hillside, is very pretty.

Queen's Road Central, which is the best shopping street and one of the greatest thoroughfares in the world, is disappointing as a street, it is so narrow, so crooked, and so mixed as to architecture. But the crowd and the street-sights are thrilling. Here men of all races pass, afoot, in rickshaws or in Sedan-chairs. We saw one solitary horse drawing a cart to which he was harnessed with red and yellow ropes, trimmed with tassels, and wearing, poor beast, "rings in his ears and bells on his toes," to misquote Mother Goose. Christians, Buddhists, priests, soldiers, sailors, English lords, and Indian princes rub elbows with tourists from all over the world; and everywhere there are Chinamen and more Chinamen, most of them carrying heavy burdens on their bowed shoulders. Peddlers make their way through the crowd, shrilly crying their wares; they are selling rice, which the coolies almost live upon.

The Indian policemen—tall, dark men, with soft eyes, dressed in buff, with puttees and red turbans—are beautiful to behold. I stood beside one of them at a crossing where the rattling rickshaws, drawn by reckless coolies,

and Sedan chairs, with long poles knocking a way before them, made the street almost impassable. I was afraid to cross, for, though a horse rarely steps on a human being, a Chinese coolie will do so. The brown-faced Sikh raised a majestic hand, the coolies halted as though turned to stone, and I made my way over a cleared space in elegant leisure. I admire these artistic policemen greatly, but I could hug a fat American bluecoat on sight.

It is like living in a museum to awaken among the ancient objects with which we are surrounded. Such a sense of age pervades these old brocades and embroideries, made by fingers long since fallen to dust, that it is a relief to look at anything new or young—the newly opened flowers in the garden, or a Chinese baby toddling beside his mother, who drags a great paving-stone along the road by a chain fastened about her neck.

As we go out we must step over the wares of the peddlers, who bring their silks and porcelains at dawn and sit on the porch all day, selling to the house guests.

And, by the way, fat people are considered lucky in China and are much esteemed. They are called "Heaven sent," and are said to be favorites of Fortune.

To-morrow we go to Canton.

HOTEL VICTORIA, THE SHAMEEN,

CANTON, CHINA, November, 1909.

This morning we arose with the lark—no, the English sparrow—to catch the boat leaving Hong-Kong at 7 o'clock. Our passage had been engaged by Cook on an

English boat, the steamer *Honan*, together with a guide to meet us in Canton. The boat was clean and comfortable, the captain a typical, beef-eating, red-faced, middle-class Englishman, very polite and attentive in pointing out the points of interest on shore. Our comments invariably elicited a drawling "Well, *raw*ther!" as he settled a glass in his eye. On the lower deck many Chinamen smoked opium, while two Japanese gentlemen, students in the university at Tokio, shared with us the upper deck.

The scene at the wharf in Hong-Kong was most curious. Acres of small boats, on which thousands of Chinese live from birth to death, knowing no other homes, swarm upon the waters. Women paddle these odd craft, and are seen steering, cooking dinner for their families, or engaged in loading and unloading steamers, many of them carrying babies on their backs as they work, bound fast by a wide blue cloth, only the head of the child being visible. Other children run recklessly about their tippy little homes, the boys with blocks of wood fastened to their backs, so that they will float until they can be rescued, in case they fall into the water. The girls, alas! must swim. No such precaution is taken with them, for, having no souls, it really doesn't matter. The captain relieved my mind by observing that the girls were usually pulled out, too, notwithstanding their inferiority.

The flower-boats, with wide, flat bows, are painted with two great eyes, so that the boat may see, and are otherwise decorated in gaudy colors with the carved and painted likenesses of beasts, birds, and flowers. The

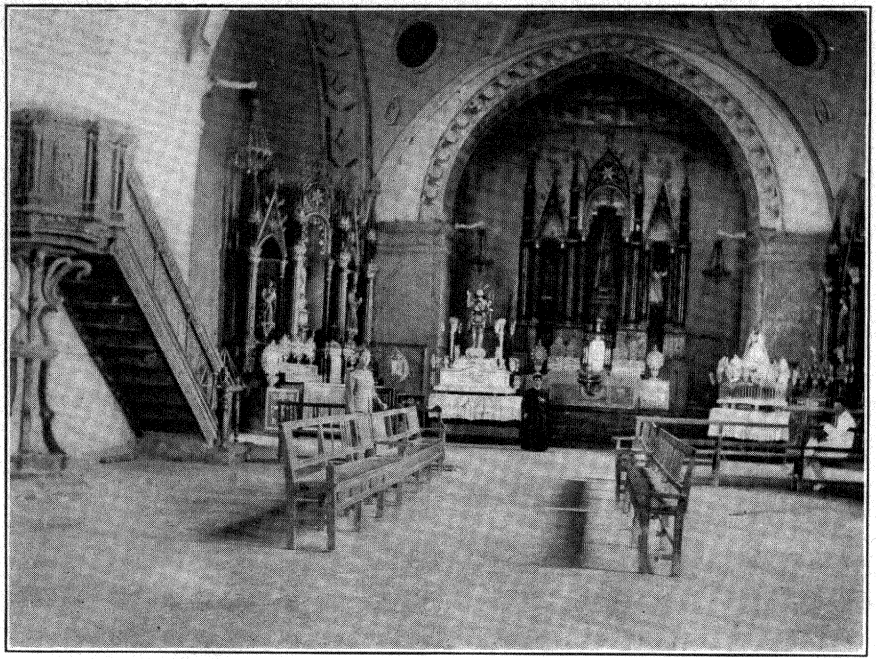
women in the boats scream and chatter in hoarse voices, like a forestful of monkeys.

When a Chinaman ships as a sailor, he makes an agreement with the ship's company to send his body home for burial in case of death, that his disembodied spirit may not wander forever. They all wear tags about their necks, marked with name and address, that there may be no mistake about their burial-places.

Leaving Hong-Kong, with its unspeakable odors, we sailed into a wide and peaceful stream, the Pearl River, on which Canton is situated, soon making our way through the "Tiger's Gate," where the high, rocky shores leave a channel just wide enough for the steamer to pass between. The landscape along the river is dotted with small villages, which gave us glimpses in passing of up-curved roofs of temples and houses and occasional pagodas, with trees growing from their lofty tops. The land is low and flat, and the rice-fields, vividly green, splash its brownness with patches of bright color. Everywhere are graves. One of the Japanese gentlemen said in English, "In China the graves no limited." And, indeed, the country seems a vast graveyard. The tombs are richly carved and painted with brilliant hues; before one of them joss-sticks were burning, and women knelt, with faces pressed upon the earth. We passed also some fortifications, with guns that, through the field-glasses, appeared to be of obsolete pattern; troops were marching, their bright uniforms and yellow bunting making a brilliant display.

In midstream the boat stopped, a covered barge came

Market-place, Angeles, Luzon



A Church in Angeles, Luzon

alongside, with much ringing of bells and tooting of horns, and the passengers from our boat who were bound for Whampo, also the freight, were dropped over the side to the barge. It was an amusing sight, and they were packed on in a fearful and wonderful manner. Once a steamer accidentally sank one of these barges and hundreds were drowned, an accident which almost caused international complications.

The first sight of Canton, the oldest city of southern China, is two gleaming spires, topped with a cross. It is the French cathedral, and it stands for heroism and endurance in the past. Canton is so old that "the mind of man runneth not back." Once it was enclosed by a stockade of mud and bamboo, and was called "The City of Rams," because, so runs the legend, some two thousand years ago, five men entered the city mounted on rams, each bearing in his hand an ear of corn. When one reflects on the age of this city, Columbus and the caravels seem as modern as an evening edition smelling of printer's ink.

The *Honan* tied up at the wharf among hundreds of river-craft, amid shouting, beating of drums, and blowing of horns, as every small boat tried to push its way to the steamer. It was chaos afloat. And then came Ah Cum Second, clad in the freshest of mourning, and presenting the Colonel with a telegram from Cook's, together with his own black-edged card. He informed us that he was our promised guide, and, with appropriate solemnity, that his honorable father had just passed away. The captain told us that Ah Cum, Sr., had been dead many years, but

that his sons, who are all guides, always wear new mourning, and announce their parent's demise to their patrons as a recent event. Truly, this is the Land of Upside Down. Though I suppose anything that happens in Canton this side of a century *is* a recent event.

The Shameen is an island, oval in shape, and the word means "sand-bank." Here live all the foreigners in Canton, excepting a few missionaries. This island is surrounded by the Pearl River and separated from the city itself by the canal. Over the canal are several bridges that lock, and a Legation guard is stationed at the gates, which are also locked at dark. The inhabitants of the Shameen have passports, and the servants carry a certain type of lanterns at night and must also show passports before they may pass the sentries at the gates. I wish for a moat and drawbridge while we are here, for I have yet to see a more hostile spirit toward foreigners than is manifested by the Cantonese.

Upon leaving the steamer, two courses were open to us and either one a way of terror: we had the choice of walking half a square to the bridge which crosses to the Shameen, through the mob of screaming, leering yellow men, or to be rowed across the canal to the steps in front of the hotel, through the wilderness of boats and howling river-folk. Walking anywhere in this city of no plans, no lights, no sidewalks, and no sewers is an ordeal, and the mob seemed unfriendly; but equally appalling was the sight of those tippy boats all "manned by women," who jeered and pointed at us. I chose the walking, thinking it better to take the chances of being trampled

in the mud, rather than being drowned in the dirty waters of the canal. The guide went ahead, clearing a way for us, and two coolies followed, bringing our baggage. The yellow people hooted at us, making occasional personal remarks in English that settled any vanity we might have cherished regarding our appearance.

On the Shameen the fine Legation buildings, the French post-office, and the International Bank form an imposing array, in contrast to the low buildings of the city. An avenue of fine banyan-trees, the park with its bright flowers, and the walks along the *bund*, are all attractive, despite the din kept up by the inhabitants across the canal. The sight of two gunboats flying the English and German flags added to our comfort.

This hotel, a two-story building, is built on the canal, in a row with some of the Legation buildings. The Colonel is calling on the American consul, and I have at last made the bell-boy understand that I want some ink, and he has brought me a cake of India ink on a tray and beside it a hair pen. I have moved out on the balcony upon which our rooms open, as that is a veritable cave of gloom and has all the stage-settings for a first-class murder. A robber might come out from behind the massive teakwood furniture and cut throats for ten cents. I feel safer out here, where occasionally a white man goes by, although the women in the flower-boats anchored in the canal directly under the balcony began hooting insults as soon as they caught sight of "the foreign woman," and are pointing at me with derisive shrieks. The life of

these sons and daughters of the river is an entertaining sight.

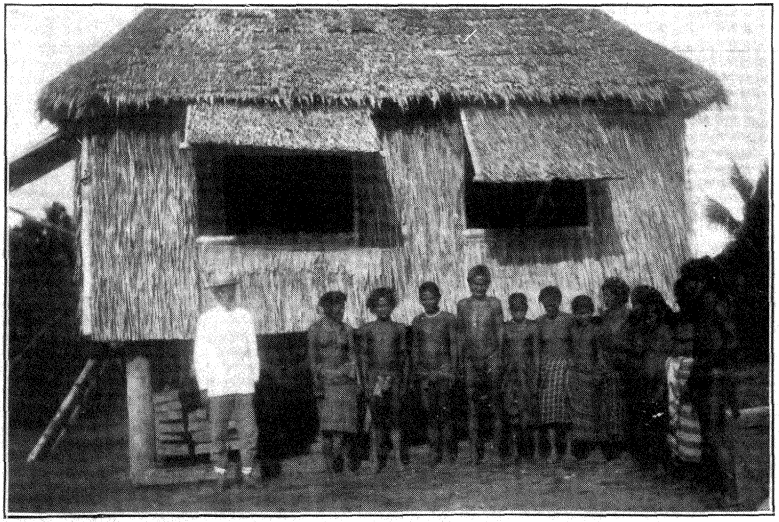
Dark, tumble-down buildings line the street of the city just across the narrow strip of water; they are shops, with their merchandise displayed. One is a butcher's, and strings of rats, birds, and parts of animals hang in sickening array; live fish in tubs of water are cruelly cut to supply customers, the poor creatures left alive. A barber is plying his trade, shaving, cutting hair, and braiding the long queues. A consul's Sedan chair, draped in the colors of the country which he represents, comes into view, with its bearers and runners at the side, all wearing the colors which adorn the chair. They come on at a trot across the arched bridge, shouting monotonously as they come.

All this noise and a gray, drizzling rain have brought gloom to my homesick soul. I see, with a sudden lightening of heart, the red, white, and blue on a chair in front of the hotel, and hear the Colonel's voice. We are invited to take tea at 5 o'clock at the American consulate.

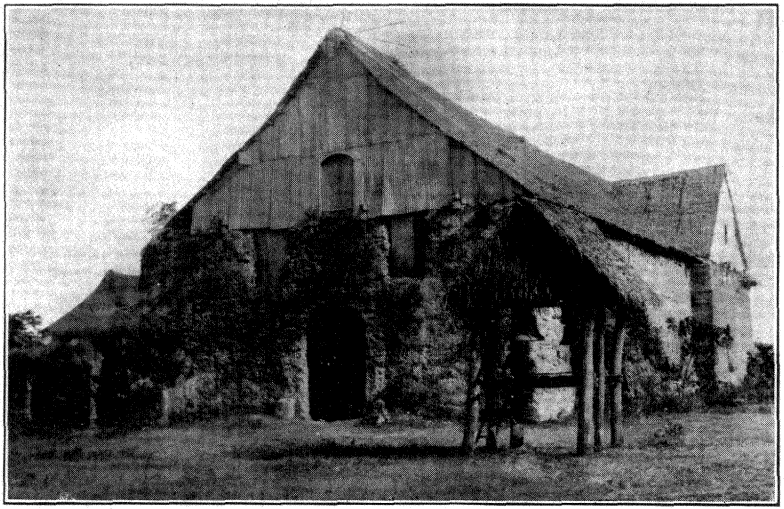
HOTEL VICTORIA, THE SHAMEEN,

CANTON, CHINA, November, 1909.

We have just returned from a day spent in the city of Canton. Three chairs and twelve chair-bearers made a respectable procession, Ah Cum Second ahead in a fine chair, all decorated in white (mourning, perhaps, for his father); then I came in a very shabby chair, as befits the soulless female; then the Colonel in a brand-new one.



Native School, Angeles, Luzon



Old Church and Prayer Wheel at Baler, Luzon

We went down into the dark, evil-smelling place among the sullen, unfriendly yellow people, our coolies keeping up an awful racket, clearing the narrow way for the chairs to pass. Ah Cum explained, when the crowd burst into laughter, that they were "making to laugh," or, as we would say, "jollying" the mob; and, indeed, we could catch the gist of their remarks, as we figured in them, sometimes in English, as "devils," "hogs," and other playful terms of welcome. Dirt and disease were there, and human life seemed the cheapest commodity; lepers ran by our sides begging from us; once we were carried over a young girl lying in a pool of blood in the middle of the road. It is not "custom" to give any help; only authorized officials may take away the injured, the criminal, or the dead; the "proper persons" must come and attend to her. One may be an atheist, an infidel, or what you will, but after seeing old China any reasoning being must give praise and thanksgiving for having been born in a Christian country.

In front of every little hole in the wall is the family joss and shrine of the ancestors, with incense burning. We go through the Street of Refreshing Breezes with a bottle of smelling-salts held to our poor noses; through the Street of the Heavenly Peace, where our coolies yell with hideous clamor; down Jade Stone Street, through the "Gate of Virtue," to the old city gate. It reminds one of Bible history, for here are the lepers, the blind, the halt, and the lame, and the weary camels outside the gate, the drivers cooking the noonday meal over braziers. We went to the temples of Confucius, of Mohammed, of

Buddha, and of the "Queen of Heaven"; also to the temple of the Emperor, and to that dedicated to "literature," where, by paying five cents, we turned a heavy wooden wheel and became endowed with all learning.

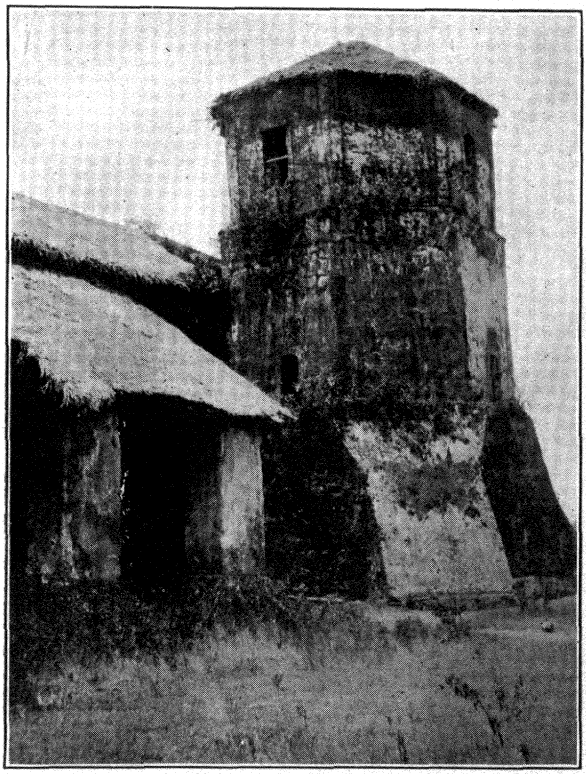
On White Rice Street silks are sold; on Pine Street, exquisite china; embroidered coats and fans on Dragon Street; jade on Longevity Lane; lanterns on Pearl Street. Each street carried only one line of merchandise —no other.

Through the open fronts of the shops we could see the workmen making the goods, which are sold under the same roof. In Coffin Street the workers seemed merry about their tasks. In the Kingfisher's Feather Works boys are trained for two years or more without pay; when they have learned the trade they earn about seventeen cents a day, and after ten years or so they go blind, the work is so terrible a strain on the eyesight. The feathers of the blue major, a bird that is brought from Formosa, are prepared, cut, and cemented on filigree silver, making a beautiful enamel when finished.

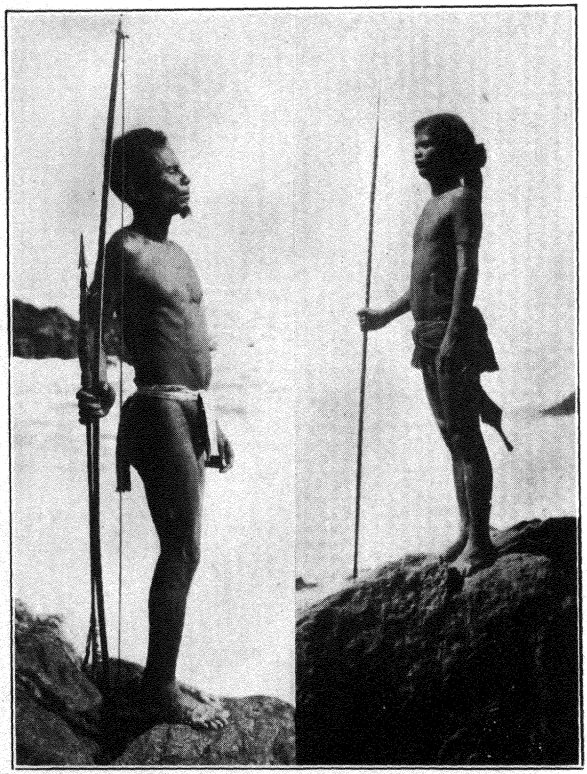
Next Day.

This morning we have been out again, under the stern rule of Ah Cum, who orders us about, after the manner of an old-time sergeant with a raw recruit.

"Come along. See old clock," he commands. I am tired of old things. Through the city, up a hill, into a small temple near the great wall our search leads us, and I am just looking about for that tiresome old clock when Ah Cum pulls at my sleeve, saying, "Missy, old clock;



Old Church at Baler, Luzon



Head-hunters, Baler, Luzon

thousand years old," pointing at some jars, which I had nearly stumbled over. The water runs from one stone jar into others, a piece of cork in the lower jar, rising as the water flows in, noting the hours—to a Chinese mind.

Next he piloted us to the jail, where the prisoners (thin, horrible creatures, loaded with chains) begged for "cumshaw." Ah Cum said these poor wretches were in prison for slight offenses, such as stealing rice or a pair of straw shoes.

"What would they do with a real criminal?" I asked.

"Oh! cut off his head," replied Ah Cum. "I show."

We protested that we did not wish to be "shown," but Ah Cum intends to do his full duty by us, and so off to the Street of the Execution we went. We had already seen, heard, and smelled all that we could endure, but, for all that, we were pushed into the chairs, the poles knocking a way through the crowds of beggars, and were carried into a noisome alley, where a horrible old man came to meet us, bowing low. Ah Cum waved his hand and presented the executioner—the official cutter-off-of-heads! My own head felt insecure enough.

The executioner apologized politely for not having anyone handy to behead for us. He pointed to the ground, however.

"See! Cut him—two"—holding up two dirty fingers—"yesterday—pirates!"

There were two pools of fresh blood. I jumped back and scrambled into my chair, while the Colonel came at a dignified pace, as one accustomed to the cutting off of heads.

VICTORIA HOTEL, THE SHA-MIEN,

CANTON, CHINA, November, 1909.

In our morning and evening walks over the Shameen we have been surprised at the number of singing birds that make the late and early hours musical in this strange and ancient place. To-night we sat late upon the balcony, which opens with huge double glass doors into our room, watching the lights on the flower-boats below us in the canal, hundreds of swaying, glowing lanterns, as in some weird carnival, and the slow passing of the dragon-boats, which thread their way back and forth among the innumerable anchored craft. Fireworks splash vividly against the blackness, and there is continual uproar of trumpet-calls and the beating of drums; for by all of these ceremonies is the river god constantly to be propitiated. From the guard-house at the gate near the hotel come alarming yells and the clamor of gongs, but the proprietor assures us that this is the signal of the Chinese police, which tells the inhabitants that all is well. The noise, and the fact that not a door in this place will lock, banished sleep for me last night; perhaps to-night I shall be tired enough to sleep through it all

This morning we went to see the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, the Place of Flowers, the Five-storied Pagoda, and did some shopping besides

The Temple of the Five Hundred Genii is dedicated to the five good spirits of which I wrote you—who visited Canton two thousand years ago, mounted on rams. This temple contains five hundred images, some of which

we saw, including one of Marco Polo, who looked like a pirate in a shovel-hat. Ah Cum pointed to his image, saying, "He much please American." We were not sufficiently elated to satisfy Ah Cum, however, so he took us back to Marco Polo, adding severely, "He great American."

From the temple we made our way to the Gate of Virtue, down Bird Cage Walk, where hundreds of little birds in bamboo cages are offered for sale, and thence to the Examination Halls, which we entered by the Dragon Gate. Here a narrow way passes between twelve thousand tiny cells, where the Chinese students must spend two days and nights, each composing a poem, in preparation for the examiners who come from Pekin, and whose visit is a great event. If all their poems are declined as politely as this one, which I found in a Hong-Kong paper, the feelings of the authors cannot be hurt. This is the note of rejection, printed by the Chinese editor:

'We have read your manuscript with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we must swear that we have never read such a splendid piece of writing. But if we printed it, his Majesty the Emperor, our most high and mighty ruler, would order us to take this as a model, and never print anything inferior. And this would not be possible in less than a thousand years. We regret to return your divine manuscript, and ask one thousand pardons."

After the Examination Halls, we went to see the Emperor's temple, which has a yellow tiled roof, and a tablet in front, which bears this inscription: "May the Em-

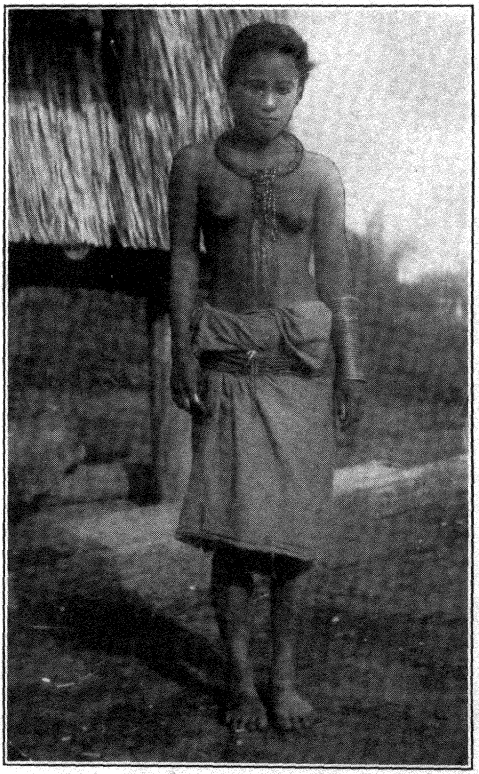
peror live a thousand times a thousand years." A smaller tablet only asks that the Empress may live a tenth as long.

To me the temples of China have not the beauty of those of Japan, although the ancestral temple of the Chun family is most interesting, with carvings of wood and stone, unsurpassed by anything we have seen in China. From this lovely and peaceful shrine we went down into the narrow streets, through the pushing yellow mob, over pools of stagnant water, and through a crumbling gate in the old wall—walls which are the wonder of the world, and yet so inadequate, so useless! Truly, "men, and not walls, guard a city."

I remember with a thrill of pride the answer of a patriotic American lady to a Chinese minister's remark that America had no Great Wall.

"Oh, yes, it has!" replied the lady, quickly. "Our wall is made of soldiers and sailors, and every man's a brick."

From the Five-storied Pagoda we had a fine view of Canton and the shipping in the river. The city is hemmed in by acres and acres of graves—victims of the plague alone tenanting a great plain. In the top story of this pagoda the generals of the Chinese armies were wont to draw up their plans of battle. We wondered if five flights of winding stairs served to protect them from the newspaper reporters.



Filipino Girl, Angeles, Luzon

Side of Porch, Officers' Bungalow, Philippines
Angeles, Luzon

HOTEL VICTORIA, THE SHAMEEN,

CANTON, CHINA, November, 1909.

The son of a Chinese merchant whom we met in our travels gave us a letter of introduction to his father, and to-day we went to present it. On the way we saw a wedding procession, but as the curtains of the Sedan chairs were drawn, all we could see were the camphorwood chests containing the bride's trousseau, covered with gorgeous embroideries blazoned with the family crest. They were carried by coolies, as are all burdens in China, slung between two poles.

Presently our chair-bearers subdued their cries and made way for a funeral to pass, while we stepped into a jade-shop to give room to the procession. First came hired mourners in masks, then more men dressed in white, with long poles topped with bouquets of white paper flowers; then Sedan chairs, in which were carried fruits, vegetables, fishes, fowls, and a whole dressed pig—food for the soul beyond the grave. A Chinaman was once asked by an American tourist, "When do you expect the dead to come back and eat the food?" and replied, wittily, "When your dead come back to smell the flowers." A live chicken was carried ahead of the coffin to convey the soul to the grave; the coffin itself was mahogany, oval in shape, and carried in an upright position, the two sons of the dead man walking directly behind, clad in rich white robes. Their destination, to which we followed, was the Place of Flowers—a small paved park, shut in by a high stone wall, with heavy iron gates, which took two

coolies to open and shut. In each court were small rooms filled with coffins standing upright, awaiting interment. There were rows of urns, also containing flowers and shrubs, the latter trimmed to resemble the faces of gods and dragons and decorated with paper teeth and glass eyes. The only nice thing about the place was the quiet and the shutting-out of beggars at the gate.

The house of the merchant was set in a garden, the red-tiled roof visible over the top of a high wall with an ornate gate. The merchant, a pleasant, elderly gentleman, met us at the door, gorgeously robed in purple brocade and pale-blue silk trousers, his black cap ornamented with a button on top. He shook his own hands vigorously by way of welcome, and politely waved us into a reception-room, around the walls of which stood carved arm-chairs of black wood, inlaid with colored stones and shells. Beside each chair was a sliding-table with several tops, half opened. I climbed into one of these enormous chairs, which was so deep my feet did not touch the floor, and at once a servant placed a tiny stool, covered with old brocade, beneath them. My American walking-shoes did not seem to suit that lovely stool, and I wished I might change them for soft slippers, as they do in Japan.

Another servant appeared with a tray inlaid with mother-of-pearl and shells, bearing Canton cups filled with clear, yellow tea, also rice-cakes, dishes of preserved ginger, fruits, and pink candy.

Ah Cum acted as interpreter, our host politely inquiring after our healths, and if we were from "America or Ohio."

After we had our tea, we were conducted to a high tower, where I expected to be beheaded, but instead saw an excellent view of the city, looking down on a wilderness of roofs, each with its water-jar, which is the only provision against fire in Canton. Then our smiling host took us down into the garden, of which he is evidently proud, where many China asters bloomed. When I said that we had the same kind of flowers in America, his expression was politely disbelieving.

In the room where the ancestral tablets are kept joss-sticks burned, and in a closet with beautiful doors, red and heavily carved, were many brocaded bags, each containing its treasure, a wonderful ivory carving or a vase of marvelous color and shape. We reached a common ground with the merchant in our admiration of his delightful possessions. I wonder if the Chinese, who look at their treasures only upon state occasions, do not enjoy them more than we Americans do our curios, which are left always on view.

As we left this room, passing through a small hall open to the roof, with a closed balcony around the second floor, a blind opened inward, and two women peered down upon us. When our host was not looking, I waved my hand and smiled; they smiled back, one of them lifting her hand; then both disappeared. It was the only smile or kind look I have had from a native woman in China.

To-morrow we go back to Hong-Kong, which will seem a model of sanitation, I have no doubt, after the filthiness of this ancient city.

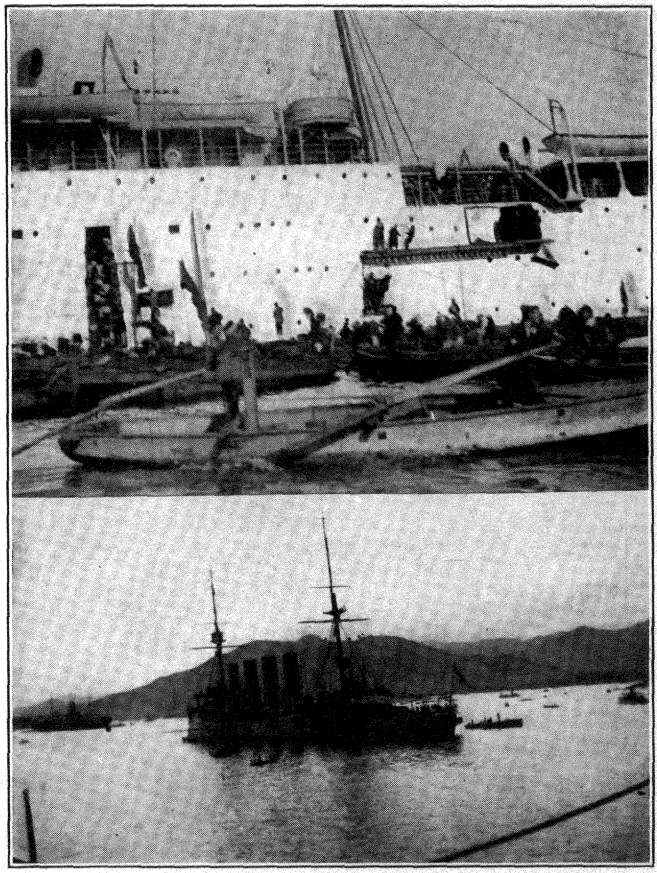
ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE,

HONG-KONG, CHINA, November, 1909.

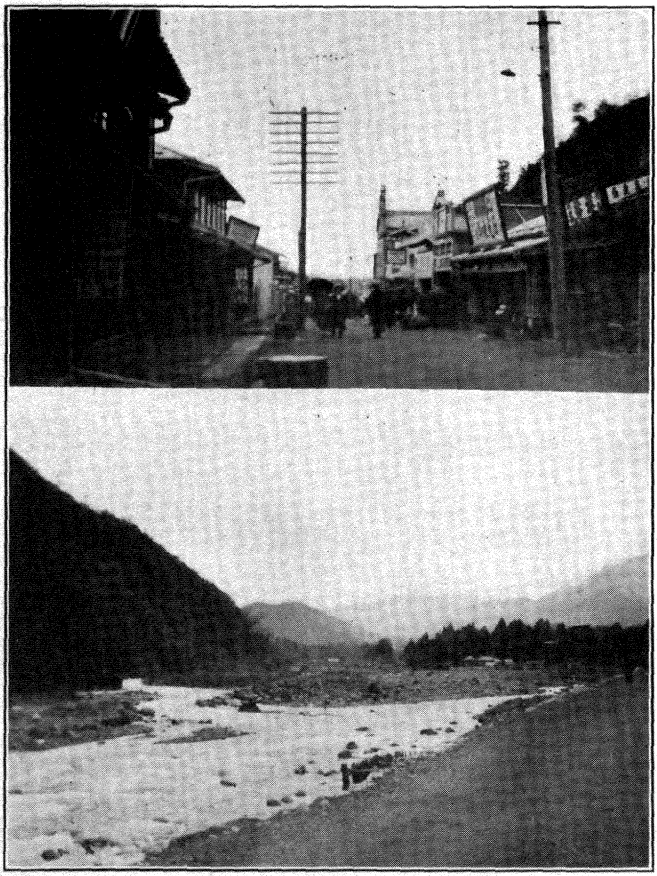
We took the night boat from Canton, with Ah Cum on the pier to see us off. The purser was most attentive, giving us his best state-room, with elaborate bowing. This was so unusual in a Chinaman that we wondered at it, but the explanation was plain when he handed me a card, which read, "Reserve first cabin for Hong-Kong on steamer leaving Canton at night for Lord and Lady M——." Thus all unwittingly honors were thrust upon us. We tried to explain our untitled estate and change into the next cabin, but the purser was unbelieving and refused to make any change. We were Lord and Lady M——. Later a young and attractive-looking couple came aboard and were promptly put into the second-best state-room. They were the real thing, we felt sure; but, as we all left the boat at daylight, the mystery remained unsolved.

It is Sunday afternoon, and I am sitting out on the balcony, while the Colonel has gone for a climb up to the peak. An English band is playing in the barrack-ground below; across the narrow street the vesper service is being held in a Catholic church, and I hear the music of the pipe-organ; in an adjoining music-room a homesick American is singing, "My country, 'tis of thee," a medley of sound; while another homesick American is trying not to blot this letter with tears.

Yesterday we walked to the electric cars, managing to get by the insistent chair-coolies, and went to the French convent school, where beautiful lace is made. The con-



U. S. A. Transport Being Coaled in Nagasaki Harbor by Japanese Women



Shopping Street, Yokohama, Japan
Sacred Mountains, Nikko, Japan

vent is a rambling old house, behind a stone wall, with a massive gateway. When we rang the clanging bell, a smiling sister came out with a bunch of keys which Bluebeard might have carried, and unlocked the gate. Another sister took us over the lower floors and into the work-rooms, where girls were making the lovely and inexpensive laces.

From the convent we took Sedan chairs and went to "Happy Valley," where are the golf club, the tennis-grounds, and a race-track, while adjoining are the graveyards of Hong-Kong. A monument to English sailors stands in front of the club-house.

> "Sailors, here be dreams for you—
> Fortune, fame, and honor, too;
> * * * * * * *
> Also, in a vale of peace,
> Dreams of love, when war shall cease."

As soon as we started to leave the chairs the coolies, although they were enriched by full pay and a tip apiece, raised the usual howl. A young Englishman stepped out of the club and scattered them with a sharp word. He raised his hat, saying, "I say, they are a beastly shame, you know," and courteously directed us to the various sights of "Happy Valley."

To-morrow we are to set sail across the China Sea in a rolling tub of a boat, the *Zafiro*. Around Formosa and Manila are bred the typhoons, and we may have an exciting voyage, although, fortunately, it lasts only three days.

IX.

CHRISTMAS IN THE TROPICS.

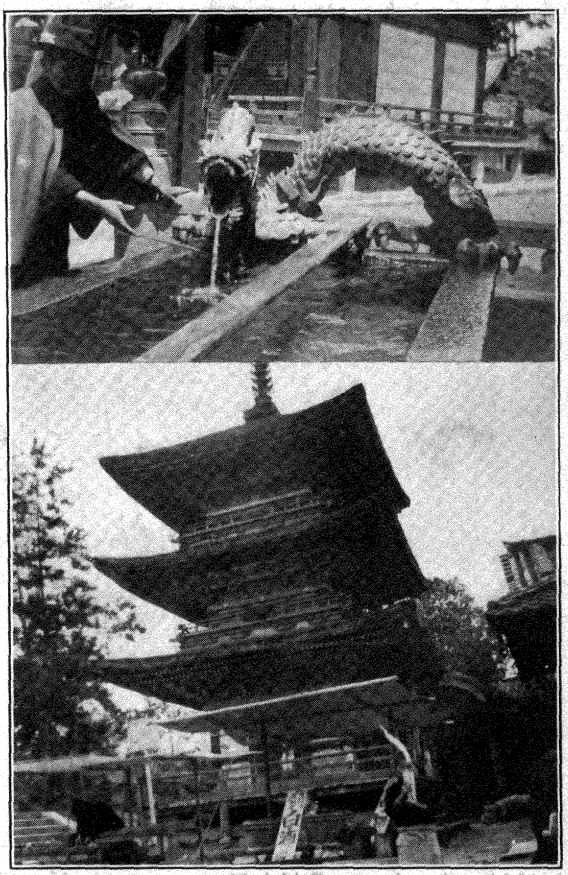
CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

November, 1909.

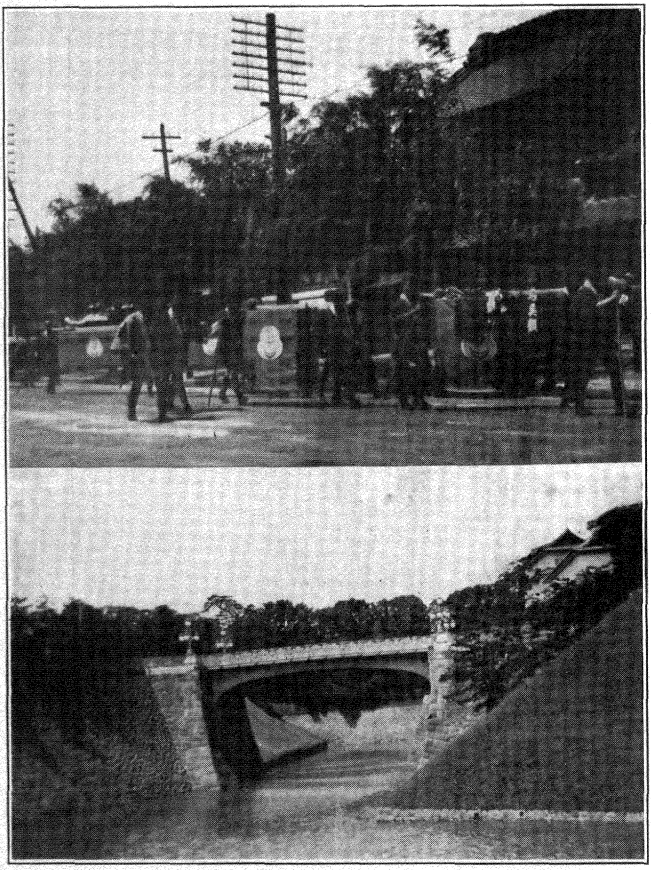
Home again, under our own palm- and fire-tree and among our own rats, bats, and lizards once more! "Poor things, but mine own!"

We left Hong-Kong on the only boat coming our way—a wretched little tub, in which for three long days and nights we were tossed between high heaven and low sea in the tail-end of a typhoon. Perhaps we weren't glad to see the harbor-lights in Manila Bay! Manila looked positively American after China; even clean and sweet-smelling by comparison. I felt almost affectionate toward our little brown Filipinos, comparing them with the Cantonese Chinese.

The night train brought us to camp, where the house-boys, in the freshest of white clothing, met us with smiling faces. Our bungalow glowed with lights, a late supper awaited us, and Ah Yan flew about with hospitable ardor. The orderly brought us an armful of



A Fountain, Nikko, Japan
Rebuilding a Corner of a Temple, Nikko, Japan



Wedding in Tokio; Carrying the Bride's Trousseau to Her New Home
Bridge to a Side Entrance, Royal Palace, Tokio, Japan

mail. We are glad to have China and Japan out of our system, for in two months we are to sail for home.

The tea-tray has just been brought in, and I am using a silver kettle from Korea, set in a carved cocoanut-shell. It is hundreds of years old. A bronze god from Japan lights the kettle, the candle hidden in his big, round belly; a vase of copper inlaid with tiny silver birds holds yellow lilies; and a temple-hanging of Chinese embroidery, at which Ah Yan looks respectfully, murmuring, "Velly old, Missy?" covers the table. These are some of the spoils collected during our journey.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,
November, 1909.

It is Thanksgiving Day, and very hot. Everybody is wearing thin, white clothes and trying to think of ice and snow and feel hungry for turkey and plum-pudding. Out on the parade-ground the soldiers are having a fine time, playing ball and polo and other games. Pedro, our house-boy, has gone to the ball-game, resplendent in new green velvet slippers, white trousers, and a pale yellow gauze shirt. He longs to "go 'Mericky with Señora."

Some young friends of ours here in camp have been somewhat dismayed at the proposed visit of an elderly and timid aunt. They have very dutifully written her to come, but Nephew slipped into the letter a photograph of a group of wild Negritos, which he labeled "Our Island Helpers." "Will Aunty come?" I wonder.

Everything is upset, making ready to accommodate the incoming regiment, which, by a sudden change of orders, is due to arrive here a month or six weeks before this command can sail for the States. Half of the officers are vacating their houses and moving in with the other half—two families to a bungalow—to make room for the new-comers. The houses thus vacated are cleaned, Government furniture put in, and some comforts loaned, so that the families of the officers will have comfortable abiding-places to go directly into after their long ocean voyage. A "mess" has been started, with Chinese servants, and what has been called a "chow-wagon" is to be run for the convenience of the ladies and children, who will go out for their meals until permanent houses can be assigned.

The soldiers will occupy tents on the parade-ground, each regiment taking turns living in tents and barracks.

We have moved over to the bungalow next door with our old friends, and are keeping house together, dividing our cares and doubling our pleasures. All are filled with the spirit of hospitality, and the prospect of going home so soon has lighted every face with joy, from the commanding officer down to the newest recruit.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

December, 1909.

Hurrah! The upheaval has occurred! The incoming regiment has marched in, with flags flying and drums

beating; and yellow tents have sprung up like mushrooms on the parade-ground.

An officer of "Ours" was sent to Manila to meet the transport and to wire the names of all the families who were coming to this camp. We were all out on the walk when the regiment detrained to watch the soldiers form in line and march into camp, escorted by our regiment. The new-comers marched behind our men, each band playing in turn. On the parade-ground they formed into two lines, facing each other. The commanding officer gave the order, "Present arms!" the new regiment returned the salute, and then both marched off to tents and barracks.

Each troop of "Ours" entertained a troop of the new regiment for luncheon. Soldiers dearly love a guest and to meet other fighting-men from different organizations.

As for the women, we were greatly thrilled by the coming of the long-talked-of relief. Really, we could have hugged the khaki-clad men from "God's country," for their coming means that we are *going home!*

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

December, 1909.

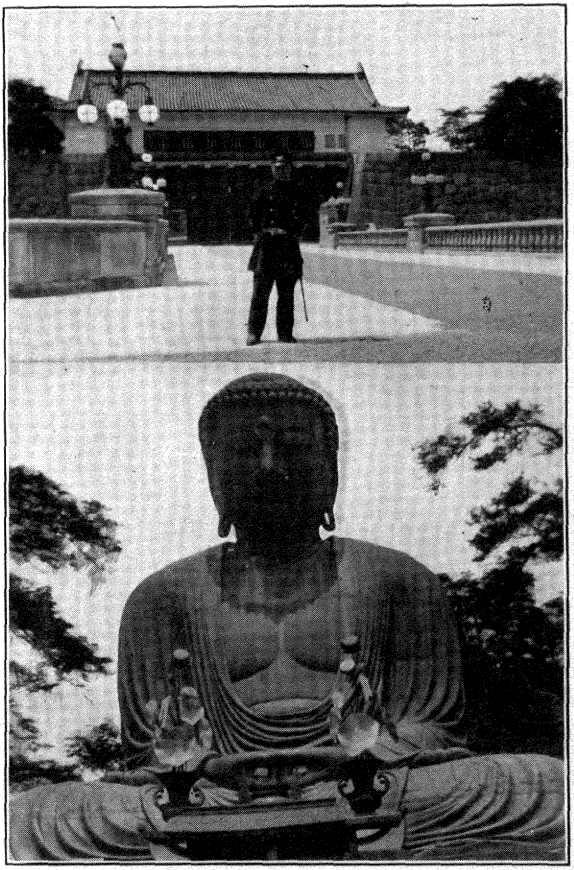
All of the field officers have gone on a "test ride," including the major-doctor and the chaplain, both men of peace and both very fat. They are much exercised over the order making them wear belts and pistols. The doctor objected, insisting that, according to the laws of

the Geneva Convention, he is a non-combatant, and should not go armed. The chaplain also objects, although many times during the insurrection he held Sunday services armed and ready to fight, if need be. However, they have all trotted off, armed to the teeth, for a three-days hike, to satisfy the powers that they are able to perform military duty. This "test ride" catches very few cavalrymen. They have been on the trot all their service, and are well-seasoned riders.

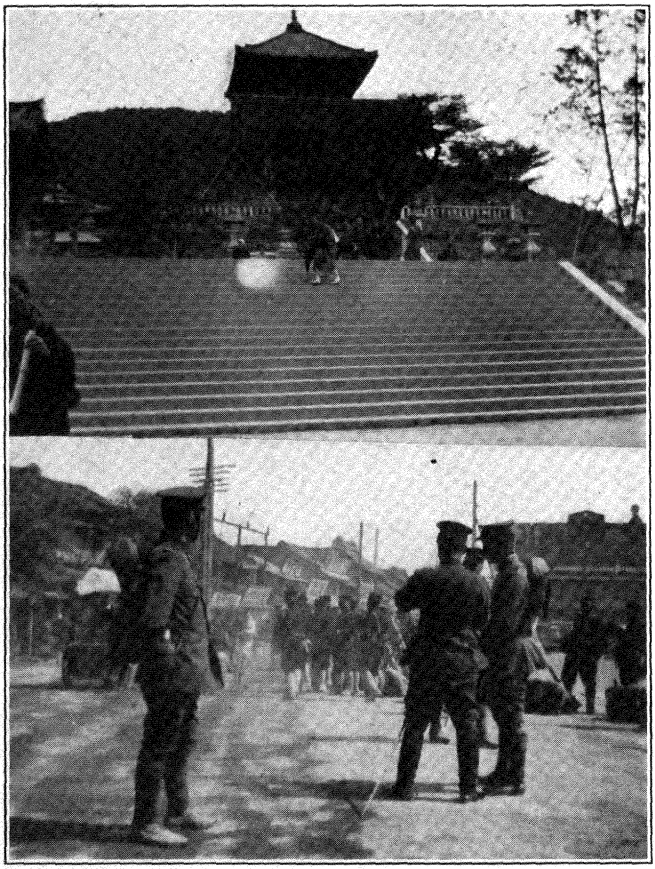
We have two "sky pilots" now. The new chaplain is a Catholic priest, very clever and interesting. The two chaplains, though of widely differing creeds, work most harmoniously together for the good of the camp.

Mrs. G—— and I are alone while our warrior husbands are off on the ride, and I thought it best to lock up the bungalow at night. We might as well have attempted to lock up the world itself. Nothing even shut. This house is open to the heavens, the earth, and the passer-by, although it is discreetly screened with curtains by day and shutters by night. A mounted sentinel passes by once every hour, so there is really no danger, I suppose. Nevertheless, my slumbers were not of the soundest, for a mosquito-netting over the bed does not give the sense of security one might imagine it would, and I kept wondering if Negritos might be softly crawling through the open window-spaces.

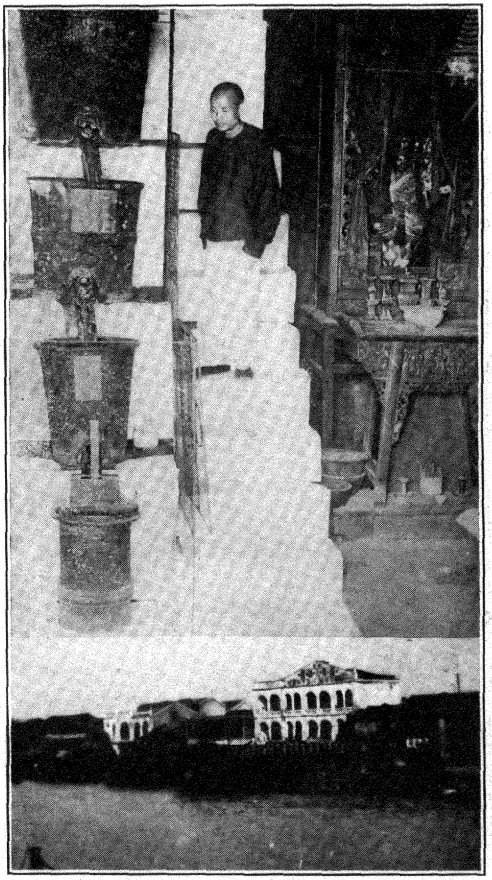
My good house-boy has made his farewell bow before departing to an officer of the new command, to whom we recommended him, and we are feeling as though we had lost our nurse. His farewell call was made in gorgeous



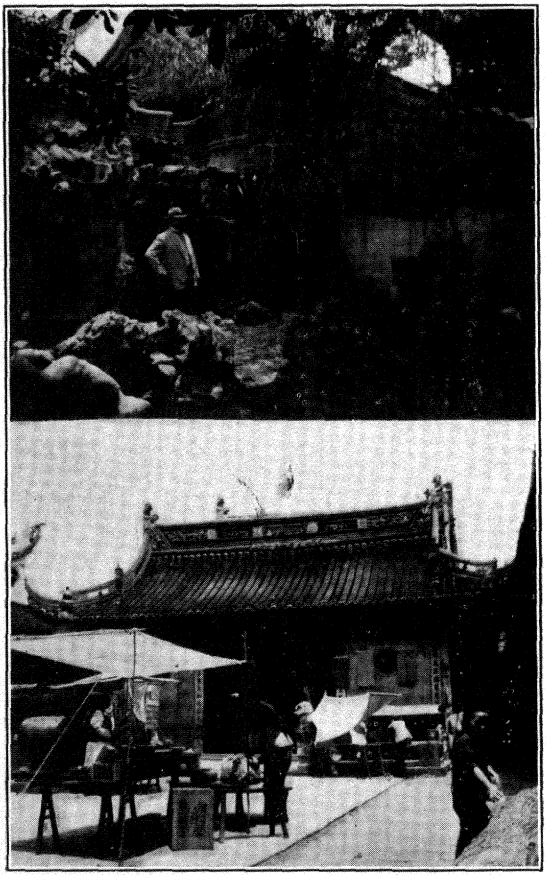
One Gateway to Imperial Palace, Tokio, Japan
Great Buddha, Kamakura, Japan



A Temple and Steps, Kioto, Japan
Japanese Soldiers, Tokio, Japan



Thousand-year Clock, Canton, China
Along the Pearl River



Old Mandarin Garden, Old Shanghai, China
A Temple, Canton, China

raiment—red velvet slippers (tan socks, alack!) and a new shirt of pink piña-cloth, cross-barred with pale blue, and very stiffly starched as to shirt-tail! He was much downcast, and repeated, with an expressive shrug of the shoulder: "No can do for Americanos. New officer no good."

"Who make Señora's room clean?" he asked, and tore my heart by handing in the shoe-polish, saying, dolefully, "The Commandante's shoes."

"*Adios, Señora;* I go," and departed with a low bow.

My *lavandera*, a comfortable person, has just stepped quietly in, her smooth, brown arms piled high with freshly ironed clothing. Her voice is low and musical, and her costume brightens the room. A vivid red skirt, the train tucked up through an underskirt band, displays her finely shaped, sturdy legs and small feet; a white sleeveless garment covers her body, and she wears a short pink waist with voluminous sleeves, which she removes when she works, leaving her shapely neck and arms bare. The Filipino women walk well, stepping lightly, holding the head high and the body erect. Carrying burdens on the head is partly responsible for this.

At sundown it is a pleasant sight to see the servants in their motley costumes leaving the officers' quarters to go home after their day's work. They pass across the long sandy parade-ground like a flock of brilliant birds, delightfully vivid against the background of pale yellow and the dark green of the banana grove beyond.

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

December, 1909.

It is hard to realize that yesterday was really Christmas. We followed home customs as far as we could, but the tropic variations on the time-honored festivities emphasized poignantly the strangeness of this alien land. It was hot, too—a burning, blazing day.

We had a strenuous week getting a Christmas-tree and presents for all the ninety-five children on this reservation without regard to race, color, or "previous condition of servitude." Everyone had a finger in the pie. The officers gave the money, and the arrangements were made by a committee of five ladies, two of whom went to Manila to buy the presents, while the two chaplains took a detachment of soldiers and drove many miles before they found a tree which would answer the purpose. They secured a graceful bamboo that filled one end of the school-room, and the soldiers decorated it with green vines and plants. Flags and lanterns added the note of color. A fat, jolly lieutenant was Santa Claus, clad in the major-doctor's red eiderdown bath-robe, high yellow cavalry boots and spurs, cap and gauntlets, with a wig and beard of cotton. He was a brilliant, martial Santa Claus—and an exceedingly warm one. The children loved him and had a merry time.

On Christmas morning high mass was celebrated in the chapel, the altar service being loaned to the new chaplain by the *padre* at the beautiful old church in Angeles.

We are staying now with our neighbors, as I think I told you, and at dinner the Filipino cook was instructed to light brandy on the English plum-pudding (canned) and to serve it blazing as a surprise; and indeed we were surprised. The turkey was presented to our host wrapped in blue flames, to the imminent danger of the hair of the house-boy; the vegetables and salad were also wreathed with fire, and the pudding, of course, sizzled merrily. In one sense, our Christmas dinner was a *light* repast.

One of the soldiers who has a family living in camp lost a baby girl on Christmas Day. We drove to Nipaville, a mile distant, to a small shack with a grass roof, in front of which stood a Red Cross ambulance. A few American flowers were struggling to grow in the sun-baked yard, and through the open door we could see the small pine box, covered with bright tropical blossoms and a tiny wreath of rosebuds, resting on a table.

The doctor's young wife sang "Peace, Perfect Peace," and the chaplain read from the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. We followed the forlorn little procession through the camp, past the barracks, where the soldiers, seeing the small box over which a woman bent weeping, took off their caps and waited in silence until we passed; across a rice-field and through the banana grove to "a green hill far away," which is "God's Acre." A fence encloses a dozen or so graves, marked with white boards, lettered in black. Two tall rain-trees mingle their branches in one corner of the enclosure. Black hawks circled overhead; a nightingale sang sweetly, its song rising like a prayer; the sun burned pitilessly; and the

Filipino grave-diggers, with eyes round and dark, looked on curiously at the "Americano" funeral. The dust was on our lips—we felt the "outcast children of the world."

CAMP STOTSENBURG,
LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

January, 1910.

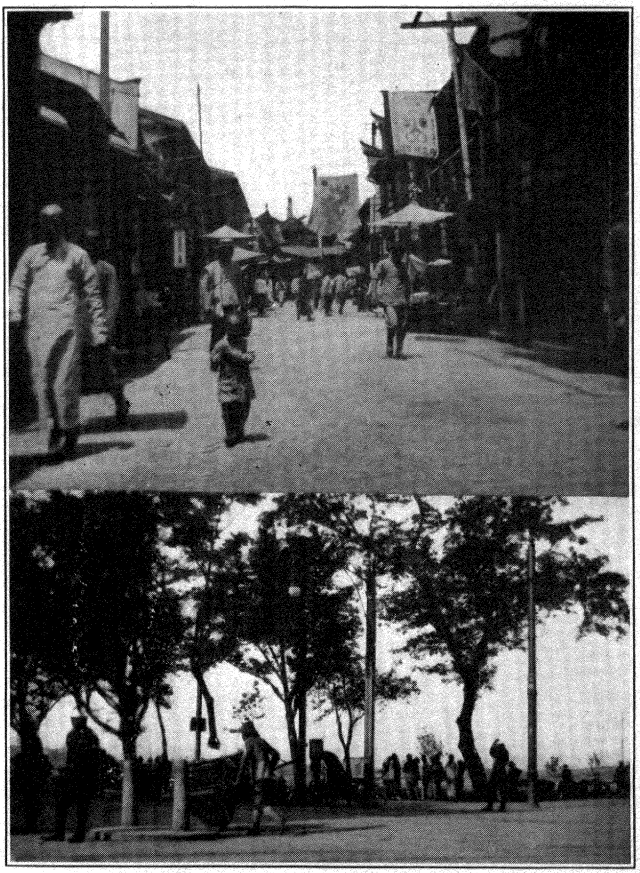
Happy New Year to you! No use wishing happiness to us, who are so soon to set sail for home.

Last night the new regiment, who are now settled, gave a farewell party to the home-goers, who have now the status of departing guests. The club-house was abloom with flowers—ferns and orchids, white lilies, red hibiscus, and vines—and flags and streamers of red, white, and blue. In the supper-room a round table, with yellow lilies in a brass chow-bowl and shaded lights, did honor to the cavalry colors. An immense yellow Chinese umbrella hung from the middle rafter, and from every point yellow chiffon was caught to the table in huge soft bows. The ladies loaned their best linen, glass, china, and silver to make the table beautiful.

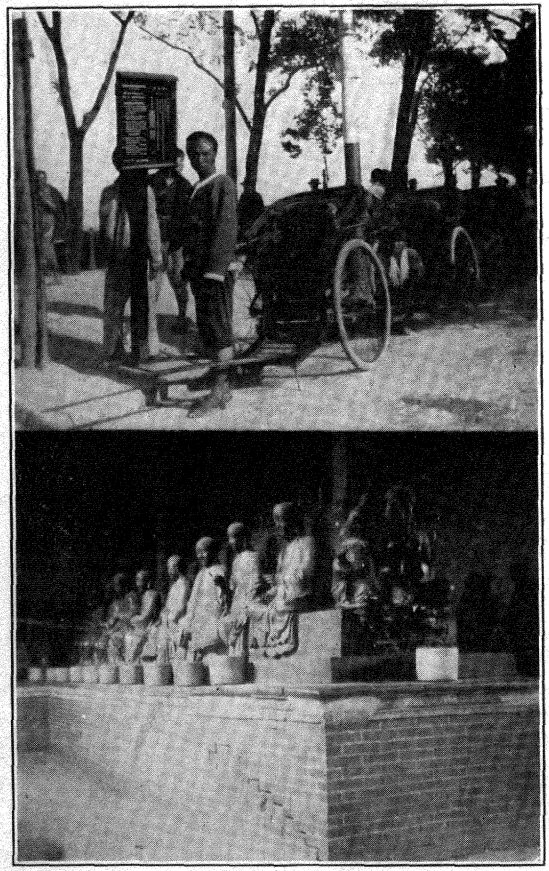
The Bishop and the Governor came from Manila for the New Year's party, and Church and State lent themselves to the jollity of the occasion.

At 12 o'clock four trumpeters in full-dress uniform stepped into the dancing-room and blew "taps," followed by "reveille" to the New Year.

This morning at dawn the soldiers broke into shouts and whooping and great hilarity—and fourteen hundred men can make some noise! The band marched around



Shanghai, China
The Bund



On the Bund, Shanghai, China
Five Hundred Genii Temple, Canton, China

the camp, playing stirring music. It is thrilling to awaken to the sound of "The Star-Spangled Banner" ten thousand miles from home.

At noon on New Year's Day it is the custom in all of Uncle Sam's camps and posts for the officers, in full-dress uniform and side-arms, to call on the commanding officer. The ladies assisted in receiving, and though it was a hot day, and the egg-nog had to be made with canned cream, we were a happy lot of people; for are we not going home? That joyful certainty keeps us all gay, despite minor tribulations.

It is a problem to plan for our long homeward journey. Very few of us have clothing of the proper kind for ship-board and a return to the States in mid-winter, as it cannot be bought in the Orient; and the climate and insects have destroyed most of the hats, gloves, shoes, and other apparel which we had when we came. Army women are adorably generous, and the new-comers vie with one another in giving their best to supply our needs. Thanks to their assistance, we shall be presentable as well as comfortable. It is a charming custom in the Army to "pass it on," and the kindly deed and loving spirit are "bread cast upon the waters," which sometimes returns veritable cream-puffs.

In Nagasaki can be purchased gloves and some woolens, for which we shall have to pay a high duty to our dear Uncle Sam. It seems rather cruel to exact a tithe from his own returning blood-relatives for the clothing and household goods which they are obliged to purchase while working for their uncle in foreign parts. These foreign goods are all there is to buy, and are designed only

to serve until the "home-grown" kind are available. The spectacle of our brave defenders, landing from obligatory tours of service, and confronted on the wharf by the customs men, who tax the clothing which has been hastily bought in Nagasaki to keep the defenders and their families from freezing, or being "pulled" by the police of San Francisco, is a sight to divert the foreigner and make the "angels weep."

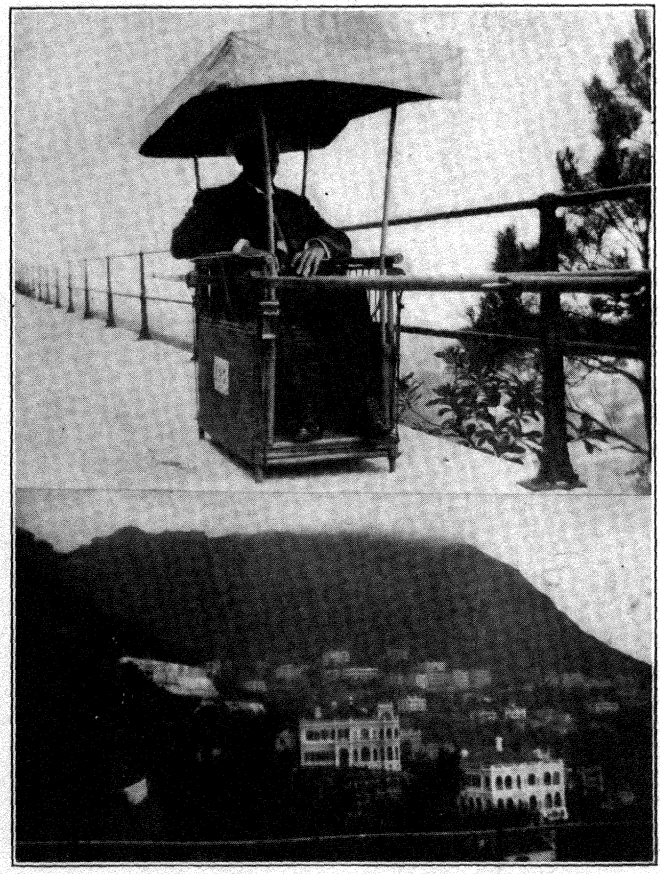
Such a sad thing has happened. A soldier of many enlistments has been ill in the hospital for some weeks and has been struggling to live to go home with the regiment. But in this last fight the odds were all against him, and last night he gave up the battle. To have held out until the transport was in the bay to take us home and then to have been worsted after all, it is tragic.

The entire command turned out for the funeral. The long tan-colored line, flecked here and there with the tricolor of the flags, marched behind the flag-covered caisson and halted beside the railroad track, where the casket was lifted into a baggage-car. The band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and a trumpeter stepped out of line and blew "taps," and the train pulled out of the station for Manila. Old Hetzel, "faithful over a few things," is to go home with the regiment, after all.

"Soldier, soldier, weary of wars,
Where is thy life's rewarding?
I die as I would, in honor's fight;
I die, as I lived, for truth and right;
Fearless my soul fares forth to-night,
And needs no other guarding."

Coachman, Footman, and Carriage, Old Shanghai, China

Famous "Crooked Bridge," on the "Willow Pattern," Old Shanghai, China



Chinese Sedan Chair
X George's House

UNITED STATES TRANSPORT *Logan*,

January, 1910.

Homeward bound at last! Yesterday the regiment came to Manila from Camp Stotsenburg, going directly to the transport, and here we are! There are sick in the ship's hospital and dead in the hold; but there are happy hearts aboard, for the regiment's long two-years' exile is ended, and the homeward-bound pennant floats at the masthead.

All the world of Manila came to see us off. Flowers, laughter, tears, crowds of homesick Americans left behind on the pier, and the decks lined with thin, sallow-faced soldiers.

As our boat pulled away from the wharf the ships in the bay whistled, the people on the pier cheered, and the band played an old hymn, "We're Going Home To-morrow." Part of the fleet is anchored off Cavite, and as we passed the Navy ships the sailors cheered lustily, the Army band answering with "Strike Up the Band, Here Come the Sailors."

As we neared the Admiral's flagship the officers on the forward deck, impressive in their white gold-trimmed uniforms, saluted, and from the transport our bronze-faced khaki-clad Army officers returned the friendly greeting. The Admiral's band played "Home, Sweet Home," and a great shout went up from the combined forces of Uncle Sam.

This goes back with the pilot—my last letter from the Orient. It leaves us sailing down to the sea, with hearts that reach out for home and harbor-lights.

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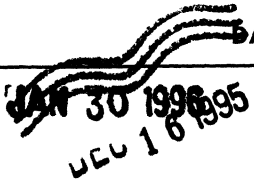
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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